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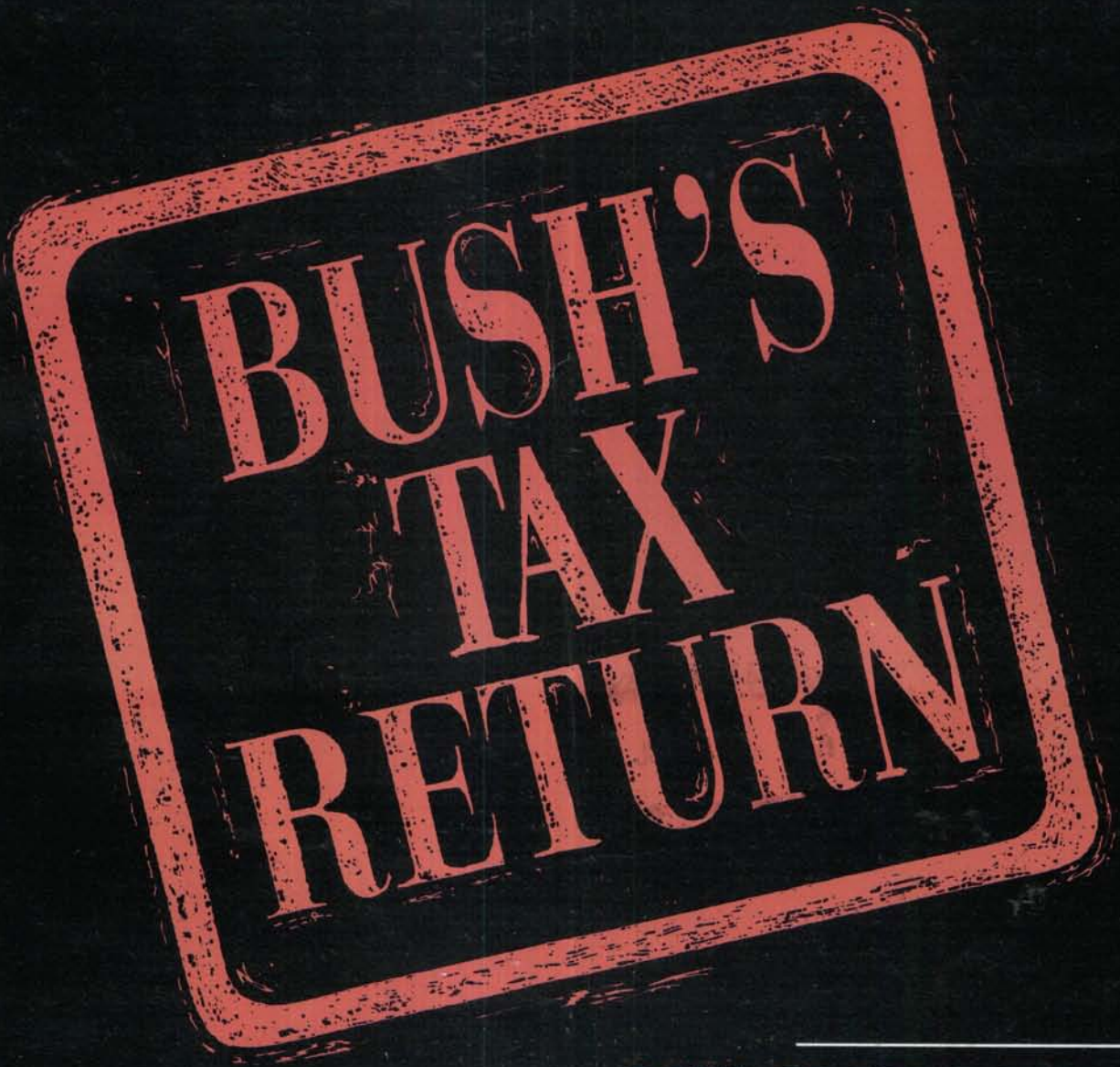
ERO? —p. 20

Socialism's Foes and Friends—John Gray, Richard Grenier

NATIONAL REVIEW



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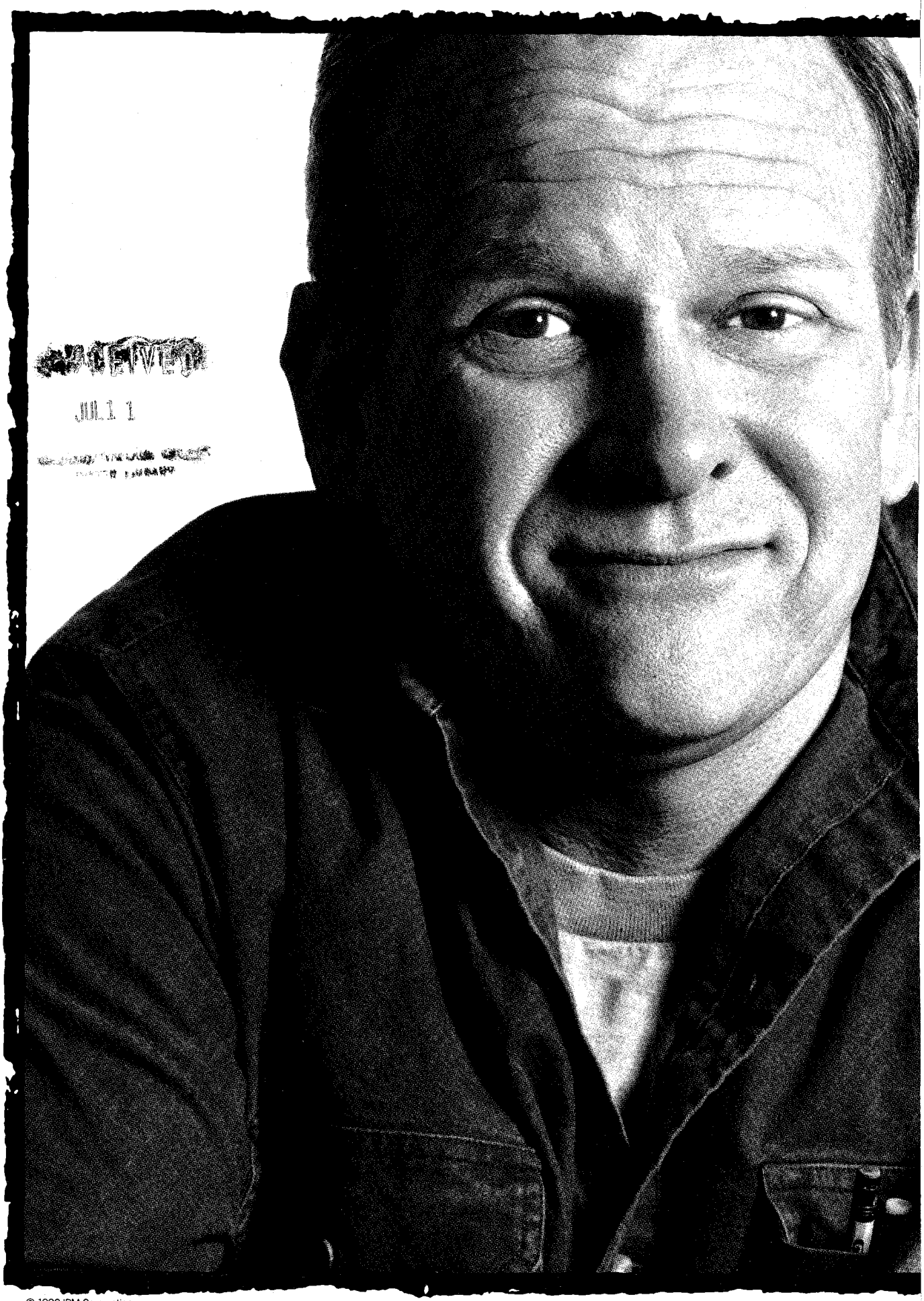

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NATIONAL REVIEW

JULY 23, 1990 VOL. XLII, NO. 14

Cover Story

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42 Czechoslovakian President Vaclav Havel recently urged American intellectuals to get more politically involved—a prospect **Richard Grenier** regards with horror, considering the elite's past toadying to Stalin and present loathing of the Western heritage. Why does the American Treason of the Clerks continue? . . . Hans Küng provides a fair critique of the false promises and premises of psychoanalysis in *Freud and the Problem of God*, though **Thomas Molnar** tires of Küng's own anti-religion. . . . Though the author's resolute Southernness leads him astray on Lincoln and Joyce, **Jeffrey Hart** considers M. E. Bradford's *The Reactionary Imperative: Essays Literary & Political* a shining display of happily rooted prose. . . . Holy two-way wrist radio! **John Simon**, who of course dislikes comics, comic-strip movies, and especially Warren Beatty, finds *Dick Tracy*, thanks to a marvelous cast, a better film than *Batman*. . . . Swamped by grotesque charity junk mail, **D. Keith Mano** wonders if the free market hasn't gone too far.

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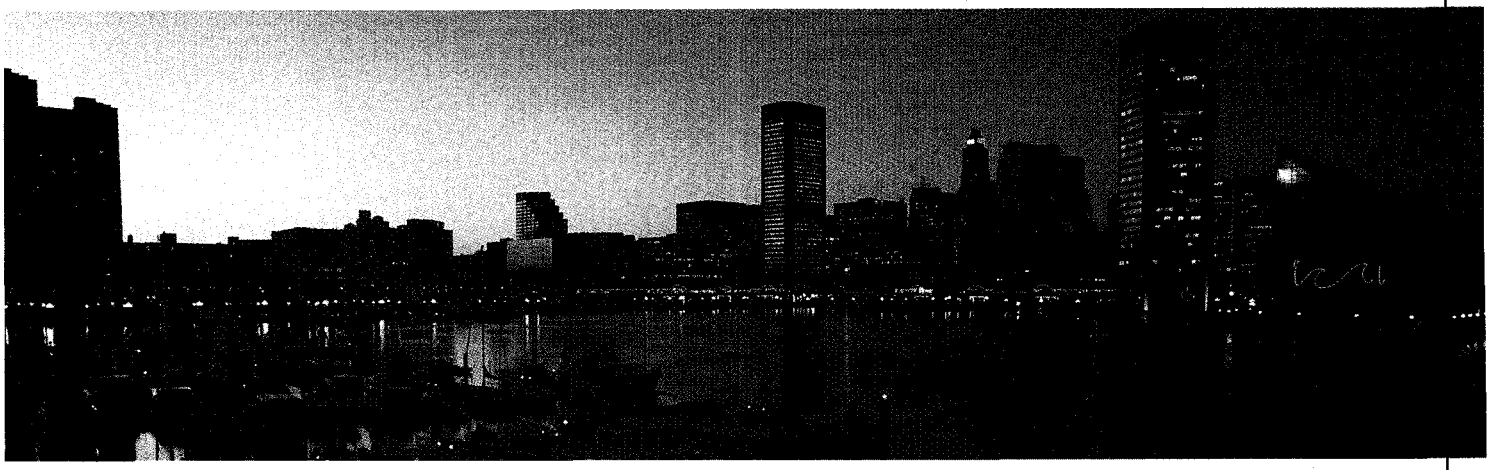

Individual policyholders and their families are not the only beneficiaries of life insurance.

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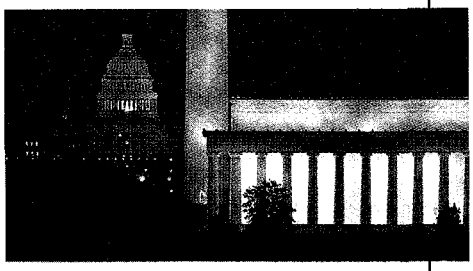

In short, life insurance capital is helping hundreds of cities and towns across America, providing development funds and creating thousands of jobs. Altogether, life insurance and pension reserves account for one of the largest private sector sources of capital for America's renewal and growth.

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LETTERS

Pride of the Tigers

Say it ain't so, Joe! Your outstanding article "The Republic of Baseball" [June 11] was based upon your experiences at Briggs Stadium watching the Detroit Tigers. So what are you doing on the cover of NATIONAL REVIEW in those ugly Yankee pinstripes? Say it ain't so! Tell us Tiger fans that those East Coast editors of yours pasted that Yankee uniform over your beautiful Tiger uniform.

And how can you talk about Mickey Mantle when you grew up watching the man, Al Kaline, in the prime of his career? Or how about Norman "Stormin' " Cash, Mickey Lolich, Denny McLain, Bill Freehan . . .

The article was beautiful, Joe, but you left out one other important constant element of baseball—team allegiance. Come back to the fold! Don your Tiger cap, pick up a Lafayette Coney Dog, return to Mickey Cochrane Drive or Al Kaline Lane, and watch a game in Detroit's Tiger (Briggs) Stadium. It's still in the same place.

John G. Cox
Alameda, Calif.

I'm on my way. —JS

Taunting Reality

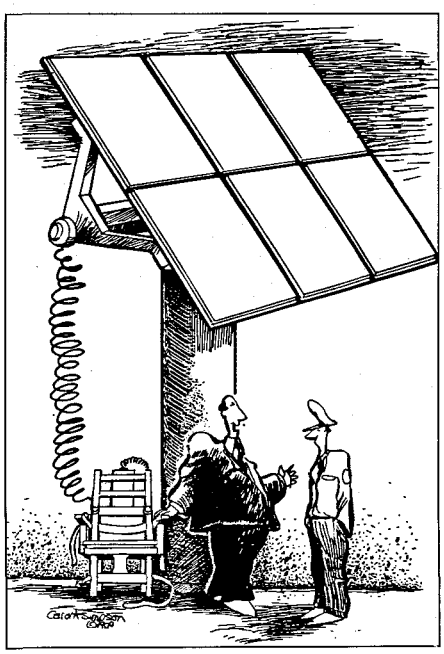
Ecology wasn't "pre-empted by the Left": they won it by default. Lately NATIONAL REVIEW qualifies its taunts at "Luddites" with pleas for "genuine environmentalism" ["Chicken Little Is Wrong," "Books, Arts & Manners," June 11]. But this rings about as true as the Left's strange new enthusiasm for democracy in Eastern Europe. Having read this magazine for twenty years, I can recall only one article—James Buckley's on endangered species ["Three Cheers for the Snail Darter," Sept. 14, 1979]—that did not merely react to environmentalism. With such honorable exceptions as Russell Kirk, John Lukacs, and Richard Weaver, our leading conservatives have shown an almost knee-jerk tendency to excuse or belittle the destruction of nature.

Why should conservatives trumpet the "liberating" power of advanced technology? Supposedly, man's ingenuity, allowed free rein, can solve any environmental problems that may arise. But experience suggests that every new "solution" sprouts new problems.

Another cure-all is privatization. From the Soviet Union—that vast ecological disaster—environmentalists ought to learn that conservation's worst enemy is bureaucratic centralization. But private control does not guarantee good stewardship. In *Ideas Have Consequences*, Richard Weaver distinguishes between land worked and cherished by families and "the abstract property of stocks and bonds, the legal ownership of enterprises never seen." The latter, he said, "becomes a fiction useful for exploitation and makes impossible the sanctification of work." What Weaver missed in his day—what we are so far from recovering—is "the ancient virtue of *pietas*." The rampant destruction of wildlife habitats, the salination of arid croplands, the ruin of aquifers, and the rapid soil loss under big-scale industrial agriculture—these are matters of fact in my part of the country. And naked economic interest seems unlikely to come to the rescue.

Nemesis may not take the form of global warming or depleted ozone, but in the light of this century's completely unprecedented demands on nature, conservatives might look again at the wisdom of Edmund Burke: "Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without."

Steven Forsell
Ventura, Calif.



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"The world's first solar-powered electric chair. Now that *should satisfy the liberals."*

More often than not, it seems, the environmentalists are *merely Luddites attempting to return us to their version of the Garden. They do have some valid concerns, however, and in the last twenty years we have occasionally offered solutions consonant with an anti-statist philosophy, including: "Why Not Sell the National Parks?" (Edwin Dolan, April 6, 1971); "A Defense Hardliner Asks: Why on Cape Cod?" (Francis Russell, May 26, 1978); and "Saving the Earth from Its Friends" (David Brooks, April 1, 1990). A complete list has been sent to Mr. Forsell.* —ED.

The History of the World—Art I

The ironies of citing the Impressionists as victims of a philistine attack similar to that launched against the NEA go even further than John O'Sullivan hints ["From the Editor," June 11]. The art establishment of mid- and late-nineteenth-century France denounced the Impressionists and the Post-Impressionists on political grounds—for not being left-wing enough!

The art establishment of the time was, of course, solidly Republican and often socialist. It was, therefore, fiercely committed to the neoclassical traditions of the French Revolution, and to the painting of J. L. David. It detected, quite correctly, anti-revolutionary and even reactionary tendencies in the New Art of the years after 1860. The establishment's worst fears would be borne out in the 1890s—while most of the prominent writers of the day were resolutely pro-Dreyfus, the Modernist painters were generally anti-Dreyfus. Degas in particular was a militant anti-Dreyfusard—and broke off his friendship with Zola over *J'Accuse*.

David Frum
New York, N.Y.

No Connection

Brad Miner observes correctly that the Conservative Book Club and Ignatius Press share the same address—15 Oakland Avenue, Harrison, N.Y. 10528 ["Random Notes," June 25]. He may, however, be inferring from this, and leading your readers to infer, a link that doesn't exist. The address is an office building and warehouse occupied in part

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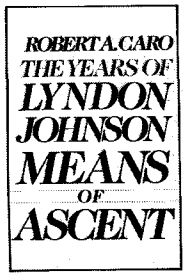

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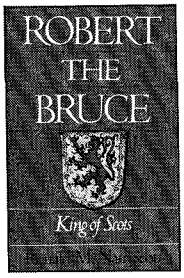

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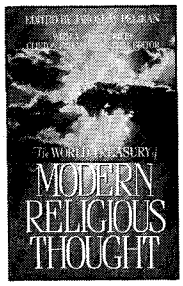

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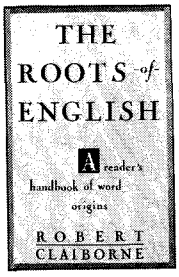

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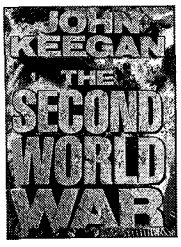

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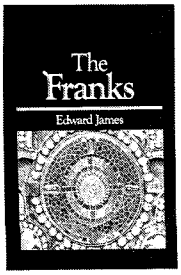

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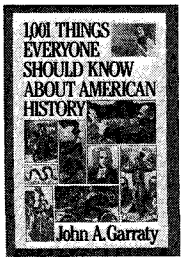

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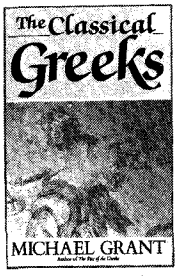

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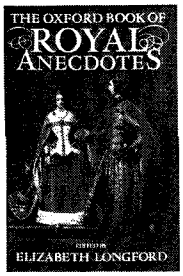

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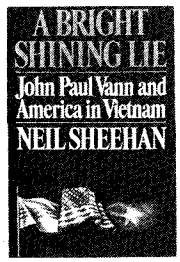

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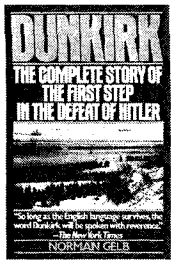

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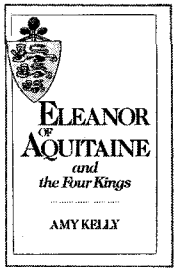

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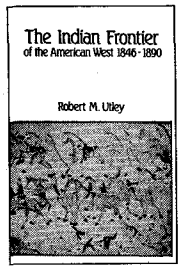

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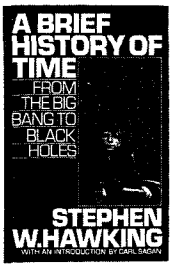

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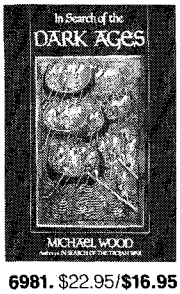

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Honest Rogue

William Bulger, not "Bolger" ["On the Record," June 25], is a politician from South Boston who presides over the Massachusetts Senate. He graduated first in his class at Boston College Law School and reads classical Greek. He enrages the *Boston Globe* by being demonstrably more intelligent than most of its staff and by being the only conservative Democrat remaining to resist the complete usurpation by the far Left of the Massachusetts Democratic Party.

Bulger is an honest rogue, a public and unrepentant champion of the notorious spoils system of Massachusetts politics. Michael Dukakis is a pious hypocrite, a public scold posing as a reformer, who plunders the public purse for his own political benefit.

When Bulger finds a job for a poor kid from South Boston in state government, Dukakis frowns and calls it patronage. When Dukakis finds a job for a rich kid from Brookline or the Kennedy School in state government, he smiles and calls it "networking."

The fatal flaw within the Dukakis administration is not thundering fiscal incompetence, but arrogant assurance that the vast and ignorant unwashed would never perceive this flagrant dichotomy between word and deed.

Paul Salters
Pembroke, Mass.

Searching for Mr. Gamble

I am jolted by Cato's error in his recent mention of Procter & Gamble, from which I retired after 39 years ["Off the Record," June 25].

He identifies Sarah G. Epstein as the daughter of Procter & Gamble founder Clarence Gamble. Procter & Gamble was founded in 1837 by James Gamble and William Procter. Who is this daughter of the founder who is still living and writing letters to the *Washington Post*? And who is Clarence Gamble? I know well the present generations of the Gamble family who are direct descendants of the founder. I know that there is a Clarence Gamble who is a generation older than I, but he was never connected with the company.

I am saddened to learn that Cato, whom I have long read and admired, could be so far off base. And I am shaken that NATIONAL REVIEW, a publication that promotes accuracy in media, could print something so utterly inaccurate.

Edgar H. Lotspeich
Boyne City, Mich.

Mr. Lotspeich is right on one score: the late Dr. Clarence Gamble was not the "founder" of Procter & Gamble. According to a 1971 Washington Post *article, however, Dr. Gamble* was *"an heir to Procter & Gamble" and "an early advisor and colleague of Margaret Sanger," with whom he developed the Negro Project. Mrs. Epstein's secretary, moreover, confirms that he was also the father of the same Sarah G. Epstein who supported China's forced-abortion policy in that recent* Washington Post *letter. Cato had not mentioned that Mr. Gamble also founded the Pathfinder Fund, a leading population-control group.* —CATO

Crime and Sentiment

Ed Rubenstein's crime statistics tell a sad tale ["Right Data," June 25]. But sadder still is the thought that this trend is now more than a century old. Irving Babbitt, in *Democracy and Leadership* (1924), notes the decline of punishment: "In 1885 there were 1,808 homicides in the United States with 108 executions; in 1910, 8,975 with 104 executions." He cites a flood of crime statistics from Raymond Fosdick (*Crime in America*, 1920), notes that Fosdick attributes the crime boom to "legalism" and "sentimentalism," and goes on to say what we've all known for two generations or more: "If our courts are so ineffective in punishing crime, a chief reason is that they do not have the support of public opinion, and this is because the public is so largely composed of people who have set up sympathy for the underdog as a substitute for all the other virtues, or else of people who hold that the criminal is the product of his environment and so is not morally responsible." Noting that this trend has been in force for more than a century, one may ask whether we have even a Chinaman's chance of reversing it.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Watchwords

■ Given there are only six words to play with, I am astonished at the number of comic variations on George Bush's famous pledge: "Read my lips—no new taxes." *NR*'s version, you may recall, was: "The President has kept his word—your gnu will not be taxed."

Jack Fowler in our Washington bureau comes up with a version that has Congressman Newt Gingrich demanding deficit reduction be accomplished solely by spending cuts. To which the President replies: "Read my lips. No, Newt. *Taxes*." There are still others. And if we were to give Mr. Bush a marked Southern accent, that would increase the possibilities. He might then oppose the idea of annexing Mexico with the retort: "No new Texas."

But I digress from the main point. A politician should never say anything memorable unless he really believes it. Normally, that presents Mr. Bush with no problem at all.

■ Two issues back, Peter Brimelow predicted that even if the Canadian Prime Minister, Brian Mulroney, cobbled together another makeshift compromise between Quebec and English Canada, the country was ultimately heading for divorce. As matters turned out, Mr. Mulroney fell, not in the last ditch, but at the first fence, when his Meech Lake settlement failed to secure ratification. Canada may soon break into two (or more) pieces.

History, which placed two nations with two languages in the one state, is the original culprit. But the Canadian establishment gamely made matters worse by officially promoting bilingualism and multiculturalism, which helped to deprive Canadians of any sense of common identity.

In the U.S., the situation is both more difficult and much better. This is a society composed of innumerable ethnic groups (compared to Canada's original two) united by a single language. Yet various levels of government here propose to throw away the enormous advantage of cultural and linguistic unity by promoting multiculturalism, spreading bilingual education, and inviting Spanish-speaking Puerto Rico into the Union. Multiculturalism will transform the nation into a patchwork quilt of ethnic groups seeking special privileges at the general expense. Locking young people into their separate linguistic ghettoes will deny them a fair chance of competing in an economy still run on English. And Puerto Rico is a society as distinct as—Quebec.

If new states are what we need, some of Canada's provinces may soon be knocking at the door. And twenty million Canadians with experience of the dangerous nonsense of multiculturalism would be a healthy deterrent to it here.

■ I am puzzled that defenders of the National Endowment for the Arts have not hit upon an obvious defense in the Mapplethorpe–Serrano row: namely, satire, *saeva indignatio*, all that jazz. Serrano's *Piss Christ*, for example, might be praised by them as a righteous attack on televangelists in the form of a depiction of what they have done to Christ.

Such an interpretation would rebut the "anti-Christian" accusation by claiming to be more Christian (but subtler) than thou, shift the blasphemy charge from Serrano and his defenders to Jimmy Swaggart and Jim Bakker, and show up protesting Christians as the poor "Booboisie" who wouldn't know a searing indictment if one took off its clothes and smeared itself with chocolate in front of them. So if the leaders of the arts community are so all-fired insightful, why haven't they thought of it?

Of course, now that it has appeared here, they *will* think of it. Some sophisticate, full of righteous contempt for the philistines, will triumphantly produce it to crush me in dinner-party controversy. Baron Frankenstein, I believe, had a similar experience.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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ON THE RECORD

■ Color it disaster. House Whip **Newt Gingrich** calls **George Bush**'s backaway from no-new-taxes pledge the Administration's "biggest single mistake." Sen. **Don Nickles**, who occupies leadership position as chairman of National Republican Senatorial Committee, warns that if Bush accepts a big tax increase "I'm going to jump off." . . . Republican Congressional Campaign chief **Ed Rollins**, who has remained silent thus far, was unhappy a month back when Bush agreed to meet with Democrats at the budget table with no conditions. He feared adverse effect on political campaigns of 11 Republicans who are giving up safe House seats to run for higher office. . . . Sen. **Malcolm Wallop**, of Republican Steering Committee, says whole thing has been mismanaged. "Whatever their intentions," he says, "this has been touted as Bush's 'big lie.'" . . . One hundred House Democrats have written to Speaker **Tom Foley** that any new taxes must be aimed at wealthy Americans (i.e., they want higher income-tax rates). If that's the Democratic price, says Sen. Minority Leader **Bob Dole**, President Bush will hold back and "there won't be a package." . . . "There's clearly a political gun on the table," says Democratic pollster **Harrison Hickman**, "but it's not clear who's going to get shot." . . . One risk White House may have underestimated: Bush has vetoed 13 bills thus far. Democrats have tried to override seven of those vetoes, and failed seven times in one or the other house of Congress. Question: Can President Bush count on that same loyalty among anti-tax Republicans in the months ahead? . . . *Washington Post*'s **E. J. Dionne Jr.**, in story on previous campaign-promise flip-flops, recalls **Ronald Reagan**'s response when, as governor of California, he ordered withholding of state income tax after having said his position against withholding taxes was "set in concrete." "The sound you hear," he told reporters, "is the sound of concrete breaking."

■ **Kevin Phillips** doubts Americans are in favor of more taxes. "There is a sense among the average American that whatever the overall tax is, he or she is paying too much." . . . Nation will have better gauge in November. Tax-limitation proposals are on ballot in six states: California, Illinois, Massachusetts, Nevada, Oregon, Utah. . . . In Connecticut, Republican gubernatorial candidate **John Rowland** opposes state income tax, Democratic front-runner **Bruce Morrison** won't rule one out, and neither will independent **Lowell Weicker**. Rowland's campaign got boost last week when his major GOP opponent, **Joel Schiavone**, bowed out, but Weicker continues to lead in polls, 49 to Rowland's 23 and Morrison's 13 per cent. . . . President Bush's decision to cancel offshore oil drilling at this time is a decided plus in Sen. **Pete Wilson**'s tight gubernatorial race in environmentally touchy California. . . . In Massachusetts, where Democratic gubernatorial contestants **John Silber** and **Frank Bellotti** continue neck and neck (32 to 32), with Lieutenant Governor **Evelyn Murphy** not far behind (27), a Becker Institute poll shows Massachusettsians want same party to lead state, but favor new outside leadership of party by wide margin of 55 to 29 per cent. In same poll Silber is tagged an "outsider." Primary is in September. . . . In Bay State senatorial race, lawyer-developer **Jim Rappaport** leads GOP-convention-endorsed businessman **Dan Daly**, 35 to 12 per cent. Both are conservatives. Winner will take on liberal Democrat **John Kerry**.

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"Wouldn't you rather be astronauts?"

■ Hardliners at Work: The **Deng** regime has shut down Shanghai's *World Economic Herald*, China's most outspoken newspaper. In an April raid on the paper, only now reported, government agents stripped the premises of computers, typewriters, printers, tape recorders, everything but tables and chairs. . . . Cuban prosecutors are asking ten-to-12-year terms for seven human-rights activists whose crime, says Prensa Latina, was to seek to introduce multi-party politics and a market economy to Cuba. *La Nación*, in Buenos Aires, says **Fidel Castro** intends to execute the seven. The Argentine Commission for Human Rights in Cuba is urging President **Carlos Menem** to intervene. . . . President **Violeta Chamorro** of Nicaragua has told **James Baker** that arms shipments from Nicaragua are still being supplied to the Salvador FMLN guerrillas, presumably by the Sandinistas, who no longer control the country but do control the army.

■ Changes at Hudson Institute, the former **Herman Kahn** outfit. **Les Lenkowsky** has been elected to succeed **Mitchell E. Daniels Jr.** as president, and **Elliott Abrams** has joined institute as senior fellow. Lenkowsky was president of Institute for Educational Affairs in Washington; Abrams was Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs in **Shultz** State Department and chief architect and advocate of successful Contra strategy. . . . Council for Inter-American Security will award prize (four days in post-Castro Cuba) to person who guesses the day Castro quits or is overthrown. To enter contest, phone 900-988-2800, or send postcard to: CIS, 122 C St., N.W., Suite 710, Washington, D.C. 20001, by Sept. 30, 1990.

■ Sighted in *New York Post*'s lively letters column last week in June: "Read My Lips. Just One Term."

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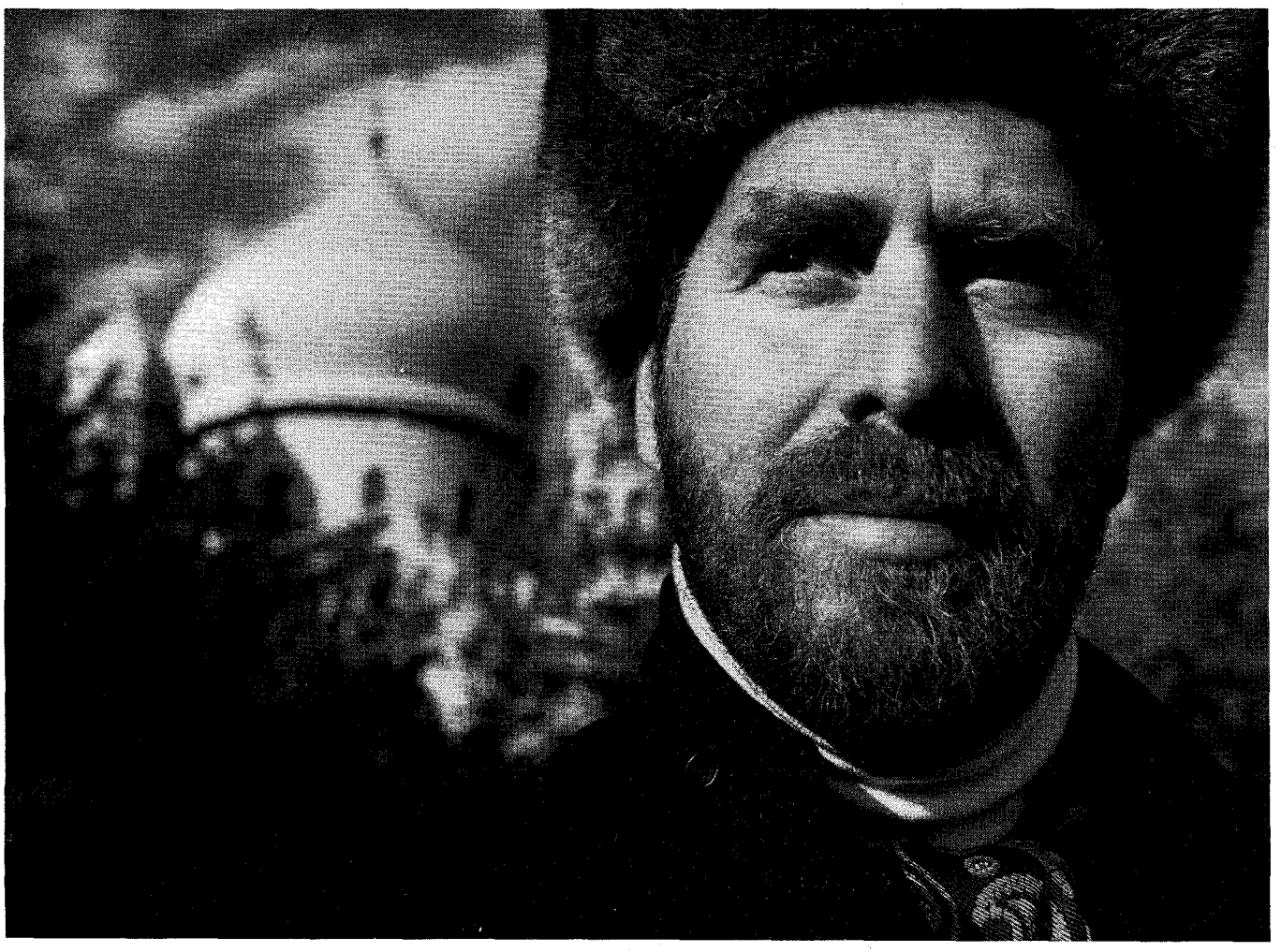

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THE WEEK

■ SAYING IT ALL. "Democrats Try Not to Gloat and Begin Planning for 1992." (*New York Times* headline.)

■ No new taxation without new representation.

■ How *should* a President act? As George Bush acted in vetoing the parental-leave bill in late June. The bill would have forced employers to grant up to three months of unpaid leave (with health benefits and job protection) to care for a newborn child or ailing family member. Bush said he favors the principle of family leave, but not through "rigid, federally imposed requirements": it should be "crafted at the workplace by employers and employees, not through government." Teddy Kennedy warned that the veto would lead to mass arrests of working mothers, or something. He'd rather give them every possible benefit, even if it leads to their mass unemployment.

■ A momentary lapse in Mario Cuomo's posture as a modern Coriolanus reluctantly heeding the call of the people was recorded recently by an avid admirer, *New York Post* gossip columnist Cindy Adams. It was the morning of the day the great man's son, Andrew, would marry a Kennedy. "Before the festivities," writes Cindy, "early in the morning, the Guv, all alone . . . was out walking from his hotel. And where'd our far-seeing, ambitious, Governor-the-President walk? To the White House. Where he stood. For a few minutes. And just looked." In elections to come, when we hear all about the Governor/President's vision for America, his humble desire to serve, his tormenting doubts about the compromises public life demands of the soul, let us recall this image: a man standing there at dawn before the seat of power, just staring.

■ Sandra Day O'Connor recently scotched reports that she would be stepping down from the Court for health reasons, to be replaced by U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills. We have nothing against Mrs. Hills per se, but by the same token there's no reason to think she couldn't turn out to be another Justice William Brennan—a Republican appointment, we might point out. When a vacancy does occur, the Administration should take note that this is a critical time for the Court, in that the Justices are casting an eye on everything from affirmative action to abortion. Equally important, we now have a generation of intellectual, conservative judges who would be up to the task; such people as Alex Kozinski in Pasadena, Laurence Silberman in the District of Columbia, Pasco Bowman in Kansas City, Missouri, and J. Harvie Wilkinson in Charlottesville, Virginia, have already proved their work on the Court of Appeals level; U.S. Solicitor General Kenneth Starr is another good candidate. Word is that Mrs. O'Connor's seat has now become a "woman's seat," and while we're opposed to affirmative action on the Court we're not opposed to the appointment of a conservative woman—for example, Edith H. Jones, a federal judge on the U.S. Court of Appeals down in Houston. For that matter the President might want to have two black Justices on the Court by putting up Clarence Thomas, the man who just took Judge Bork's old seat on the D.C. Court of Appeals. In sum, if George Bush doesn't pick the right judge the next time he has the chance, it's not for lack of available talent.

■ The latest legacy of the Reagan Administration, specifically of Ed Meese's Justice Department, can be found in a remarkable 1,110-page issue of the University of Michigan *Journal of Law Reform*. The entire issue is devoted to the product of the Justice Department's Office of Legal Policy on the subject of "Truth in Criminal Justice." It is doubtful that the impact of the Warren Court upon the nation's criminal-justice system has ever been set forth more thor-

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oughly and more damningly than in this volume. The traditional pursuit of truth in criminal trials has been subordinated to a variety of other goals (none of them enumerated in the Constitution). This work is required reading for any policy-maker genuinely interested in knowing why the current system has failed in carrying out the primary function of civil society—the protection of the people from criminal predators. Write to: *Journal of Law Reform*, University of Michigan Law School, S-324 Legal Research Building, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48109-1215.

■ Not only did the jury find Imelda Marcos innocent, some jurors said the case should never have been brought. Even Manhattan Federal Judge John Keenan had expressed doubts about this latest Giuliani fiasco. "What's an American court—what am I doing here, trying a case involving the theft of money from Philippine banks?" he demanded. Must have been his first show trial.

■ Amid the breathless coverage of Nelson Mandela's tour here, at least one network paused to inform us that the great man, for all his personal strengths, is not the *lone* black South African leader. In quick succession an ABC News segment entitled "Other Voices" showed five or six other black South African leaders who admire Mr. Mandela, but not his attachment to violence. One argued against sanctions, while another took issue with the traveling hero by pointing out the hypocrisy of keeping up comradely relations with the vicious Cuban and Libyan regimes. There's much to admire in Mandela, but it's sometimes difficult to get a clear view of him over the long row of reporters lying prostrate in his path.

■ The Hun, you used to hear it said, is either at your feet, or at your throat. July 1, they were mostly at the bank, lined up to exchange anemic East German Marks for their robust Western counterparts. The absorption of one polity into another was never accomplished more expeditiously, or in a more civilized order—first in the free transactions of men and women, only later in the realm of politics. It recalls, come to think of it, the priorities Konrad Adenauer and Ludwig Erhard followed when they laid the foundation for West Germany's decades-long boom by rejecting British and American advice to make a slow, managed transition from chaos to prosperity, and plunging boldly into freedom instead. Jacques Delors, take note.

■ Mikhail Gorbachev's oil embargo was hurting Lithuania badly: forty to fifty thousand Lithuanians were laid off as factories closed down, and there was the prospect that crops would lie unharvested in the fields for want of gasoline to fuel tractors and reapers. But Mikhail Gorbachev was also hurting, forced to fend off criticism from abroad at a moment when he faced a dangerous Communist Party Congress at home which could decide his personal fate. Under the gun, both sides gave. Lithuania agreed to suspend for one hundred days its declaration of independence—once negotiations got under way. And Gorbachev opened the spigots. So who won, and who lost? On balance, it would seem Vilnius has the edge. Gorbachev, with all his huffing and puffing, did not force Lithuania to accept the status quo ante. Its declaration of independence remains on the books.

■ The National Endowment for the Arts has rejected four of the 18 grants recommended by its advisory panel on the theater. All four scheduled recipients do live performances with what a *New York Times* report discreetly calls "strong sexual content." Said one of the four: "I think the reason my work was overturned [*sic*] is because it is chockfull of good old feminist satire and, secondly, I am openly lesbian." Said another: "My work explores my identity as a gay person and as a person dealing with the AIDS crisis in an active, political way." A third, who performs nude, broke into sobs when the reporter phoned her: "I just received the news. I just can't talk now." One of the lucky ones who did receive a grant said he was unsure whether to accept it, but we're confident he'll do the principled thing.

■ A whole new set of First Amendment issues is raised by a hit movie in Pakistan, the main character of which is Salman Rushdie. The *Washington Post* reports: "Rushdie is portrayed in the film as the decadent and evil leader of a worldwide Jewish conspiracy against Islam. He grins and struts through the film while nailing his Muslim pursuers to wooden crosses, cutting their throats with his sword, and then inhaling their blood from a handkerchief. At one point, the cinematic Rushdie, who is shown living on a remote tropical island guarded by ruthless Israeli commandos, slaps around a Muslim woman captive, nails her to a cross, and tortures her by reading passages from his controversial novel, *The Satanic Verses*." Explains the director: "We were searching for something entertaining which would be meaningful as well." (NB: This film was produced *without* NEA funding.)

■ Mr. Gorbachev offers a very late but excellent entry in our oxymoron contest: "regulated market economy."

■ But where did he pick up the idea? Several of the Russians who accompanied him to San Francisco were shocked to learn that the government in California might regulate insurance rates. They thought, they said, that this was a capitalist country.

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Mr. Bush's Somersault

I. The Cave-In

A PRESIDENT's reputation, like a woman's, is a fragile thing, and whether or not George Bush actually goes ahead and raises taxes may no longer affect his. He has already reneged on his tax pledge by stating his willingness to do so, on the grounds that things have changed.

Things *have* changed since the President first took the pledge. The deficit is smaller both in real terms and relative to GNP now than it was when he asked the nation to read his lips. Even in nominal dollars, the current projection of $160 billion is only $10 billion above the 1988 figure. The trade deficit has fallen by $27 billion, or 21 per cent, from 1988's figure. And taxes are not low. Federal tax revenues have doubled since 1981, and will continue rising by about $80 billion per year between now and 1992. The federal tax burden is now 19.6 per cent of GNP; state and local taxes amount to an additional 10 per cent of GNP. In only five years during this century have tax burdens been this heavy, most recently (and we hope not significantly) just prior to the 1981–82 recession.

Why did the President renege? If anything, the economic case against a tax increase is stronger now than when he first moved his lips. Personal income is flat. Real-estate prices are falling. Consumer confidence is down, along with retail sales. Clean-air, civil-rights, and job-training legislation will add an additional $40 to $50 billion to the cost of doing business this year. To slash federal spending on top of all this is to risk a recession; to slash spending and raise taxes is to ensure one.

The political reasons for Bush's flip-flop, however, are clear. After nearly two months of budget summitry, agreed expenditure cuts were still $50 billion short of the Gramm–Rudman target. Neither Democratic nor Republican politicians were prepared to stomach the automatic cuts that sequestration would have imposed—a further $18 billion from the Pentagon, a $550-million cut in aid to Israel, one thousand fewer air-traffic controllers, the elimination of 75,000 children from the Head Start preschool program.

That should have been sufficient incentive to get on with spending cuts that would be valuable in themselves—farm subsidies, eliminating the indexation of middle-class entitlements (worth $30 billion in itself), congressional staff reduction, etc. But the Democrats kept their nerve, and Bush blinked. Yet he will gain nothing from his surrender. The Gramm–Rudman targets will be missed, tax rise or no. In fact, over the past decade deficits have *risen* in the years following a tax hike, most recently in the aftermath of the 1987 budget summit.

Yet the possibilities for spending cuts are substantial. What's missing are political incentives. Give the voters a tangible reward—a dollar-for-dollar reduction in tax rates for every reduction in spending programs—and the general interest will prevail over the special interests. Even on a static model, a $120-billion spending cut would allow the 15 per cent rate to be reduced to 12 per cent, the 28 per cent rate to 24 per cent, and the 34 per cent corporate rate to 29 per cent. This would amount to a 20 per cent reduction in tax rates for most taxpayers, almost as large as the 23 per cent reduction in 1981. The resulting economic stimulus would increase tax revenues, as the experience of the 1980s shows, and permit real deficit reduction.

That is the possibility this visionless Administration has thrown away.

II. The Party Line

THE QUESTION now is how the Republicans will play it. The Democrats are demanding that a Republican majority in Congress sign on to any tax increase, and if they refuse to do so the President is not likely to side with the Democrats against his own party.

Right now, therefore, the one thing that stands in the way of a tax increase—even one endorsed by the White House—is the bloc of one hundred Republican congressmen and 15 senators who are on record as taking the "Taxpayer Protection Pledge" devised by Americans for Tax Reform. We publish their names and their pledge on the opposite page.

We remind these men and women that they will have to run for office again, and they cannot get off the hook by telling voters that whatever the leadership might say, they are individually opposed to a tax hike. After all, Bush himself took the pledge—a fact that their Democratic opponents will be delighted to point out. Something more is required. They must declare as a group that they stand true to their word and will block a budget settlement that raises taxes.

They must also seek to hold their fellow Republicans to a similar stance. Still more, Republicans such as Representative Lynn Martin (R., Ill.), running in a tough Senate race against Paul Simon, might make a virtue of necessity by publicly asking the President *not* to campaign on their behalf. Now, it's not an easy thing to ask members of a minority party to buck their own President. But Republicans have to choose between their party's stated principles and what Tom Foley and George Mitchell would like them to do. The President has already made his choice; the rest of the party must now do the same.

Hold that line.

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III. Vacancy near the Top

CONSERVATIVE REVULSION is already broad and deep. What it lacks, at the moment, is a spokesman and a catalyst. The emergence of such a leader would benefit two sets of people.

Conservatives need leadership on this issue—someone who can present a sustained, principled, intelligent, and soundly based argument for limited government in popular terms. The dissolution of the tax–spend mindset at home, together with the collapse of Communism in Europe, represented an enormous cleaning of the political slate, freeing conservatives to concentrate on social and cultural issues in the Nineties. Now the Bush Administration proposes to retreat from its predecessor's greatest achievement. For conservatives to acquiesce in such a process would be to settle down on the margins of

THE PLEDGE

I, ____, pledge to the taxpayers of the _____ District of the State of _____, and to the American people, that I will: 1) oppose any effort to increase marginal tax rates from the 15 and 28 per cent rates for individuals and the 34 per cent top rate for businesses; and 2) oppose any further reduction or elimination of deductions and credits, unless matched dollar for dollar by further reducing tax rates.

101st Congress Pledge Takers

Dick Armey (R., Tex.)
Richard Baker (R., La.)
Cass Ballenger (R., N.C.)
Doug Barnard (D., Ga.)
Steve Bartlett (R., Tex.)
Joe Barton (R., Tex.)
Michael Bilirakis (R., Fla.)
Ben Blaz (R., Guam)
Tom Bliley (R., Va.)
William Broomfield (R., Mich.)
Jack Buechner (R., Mo.)
Hank Brown (R., Colo.)
Jim Bunning (R., Ky.)
Dan Burton (R., Ind.)
Sonny Callahan (R., Ala.)
Howard Coble (R., N.C.)
Larry Combest (R., Tex.)
Jim Courter (R., N.J.)
Chris Cox (R., Calif.)
Larry Craig (R., Idaho)
Phil Crane (R., Ill.)
Bill Dannemeyer (R., Calif.)
Kika de la Garza (D., Tex.)
Tom DeLay (R., Tex.)
Bob Dornan (R., Calif.)
Chuck Douglas (R., N.H.)
David Dreier (R., Calif.)
Mickey Edwards (R., Okla.)
Bill Emerson (R., Mo.)
Jack Fields (R., Tex.)
Elton Gallegly (R., Calif.)
Dean Gallo (R., N.J.)
George Gekas (R., Pa.)
Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.)
Porter Goss (R., Fla.)
Bill Goodling (R., Pa.)
Fred Grandy (R., Iowa)
Steve Gunderson (R., Wis.)
John Hammerschmidt (R., Ark.)
Mel Hancock (R., Mo.)
James V. Hansen (R., Utah)
Dennis Hastert (R., Ill.)
Joel Hefley (R., Colo.)
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Guy Vander Jagt (R., Mich.)
Barbara Vucanovich (R., Nev.)
Bob Walker (R., Pa.)
Vin Weber (R., Minn.)
Bob Whittaker (R., Kan.)
Bill Young (R., Fla.)
Don Young (R., Alaska)

102 Total House Members

U.S. Senate Pledge Takers

Kit Bond (R., Mo.)
Conrad Burns (R., Mont.)
Tom Daschle (D., S.D.)
Jake Garn (R., Utah)
Slade Gorton (R., Wash.)
Orrin Hatch (R., Utah)
Jesse Helms (R., N.C.)
Gordon Humphrey (R., N.H.)
Bob Kasten (R., Wis.)
Trent Lott (R., Miss.)
Connie Mack (R., Fla.)
Don Nickles (R., Okla.)
Bill Roth (R., Del.)
Dick Shelby (D., Ala.)
Steve Symms (R., Idaho)
Malcolm Wallop (R., Wyo.)
Pete Wilson (R., Calif.)

17 Total Senate Members
(Pledge Good for Entire Term)

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a political debate devoted to how much more to spend on what.

The other set of people who need an articulate, and indignant, conservative voice on this issue is, paradoxically, the Administration itself. Without such a voice the Administration will be drawn ineluctably to the sirens on the rocks of higher taxes and runaway spending. But a strong conservative leader would keep the Administration honest, just as the national presence of Ronald Reagan drew the Ford Administration toward the path of virtue. Such a leader would make the conservative movement something to be appeased, and the conservative agenda something to be borrowed from. He would represent the prospect of Somewhere Else to Go. President Bush would himself benefit from a bi-polar political world. If he allows his compass to be set solely by George Mitchell and the pro-tax media, he will end up alongside Michael Dukakis.

Jack Kemp? Bill Bennett? Phil Gramm? Newt Gingrich? Who will it be? President Bush needs you: in opposition.

Wronging Rights

THE SAME DAY that Nelson Mandela was in Detroit attacking South African apartheid, the Supreme Court decided, 5 to 4, that racial classification of society wasn't an entirely bad idea after all. While acknowledging that barriers exist in this country, particularly the Constitution's Equal Protection clause, the Court nevertheless carved out an exception allowing differing treatment by the government of black and white citizens where "important governmental objectives" were involved.

What was the "important governmental objective" in this case that justified rewriting the Fourteenth Amendment? A matter of national security? A delicate issue of foreign policy? An issue of life or death? Well, not exactly. It was the desire of the Federal Communications Commission to secure "broadcast diversity" in the ownership of radio licenses.

Operating under the premise that minority broadcast tastes can only be satisfied by minority station owners (in the same way that the Voting Rights Act assumes that minority political interests can only be satisfied by minority politicians), the FCC awards additional points, or "plusses," to licensing applicants who are black. It also provides incentives to existing license-holders who find themselves under FCC scrutiny for one reason or another to avoid sanctions by selling their licenses to pigmentationally approved buyers. The newly appointed FCC chairman, Alfred Sikes, expressed his delight at the Court's decision to uphold his commission's discriminatory practices.

In a decision several years ago, devoted also to encouraging domestic racial bantustans, Justice Brennan asserted that racial preferences for minorities did not "unnecessarily trammel" the rights of nonminorities. Only a necessary trammeling, no doubt. In last week's decision, the indefatigable Brennan observed that "innocent persons may be called upon to bear some of the burden of the remedy [of past discrimination]." The Justice's tolerance for undermining the civil rights of the innocent is matched only by his intolerance in most regards for punishment of the guilty.

We fear the Court's decision will lend further impetus to the pending "Civil Rights" bill in Congress, which would impose similar policies of racial apartness upon the private sector. Our own preference would be—to borrow an old idea of Senator Hatch's—the enactment of a constitutional amendment restating in full the language of the Equal Protection clause and appending at the end: "and this time we mean it."

The Beans, Spilled

When Mr. Mandela, about to skiddoo,
Advised Mr. Koppel he'd always be true
To Muammar, Yasir, and awful Fidel,
His host became whiter than *sauce Béchamel.*

W. H. VON DREELE

The New Apartheid

THE GAP keeps widening between the bilingual-education crowd and the putative beneficiaries of their efforts. The *San Francisco Chronicle* recently sponsored a survey of minority residents of the Bay Area, conducted for the newspaper by a professional polling firm. The sample consisted of Hispanics, Chinese, and Filipinos. Questions were asked in Spanish, Cantonese, and Mandarin as well as in English.

One of the questions was whether respondents "approve or disapprove of having English as the official language of California"—this three and a half years after the passage of Proposition 63, which was bitterly opposed by Asian and Hispanic organizations at the time. Today, reports the *Chronicle*, 69 per cent of the Filipinos support that measure, even though nearly half the respondents do not regularly speak English at home. "It is better for Latino people to have this law," said a Hispanic housepainter who emigrated from El Salvador to the U.S. and now lives in the Mission District with his wife and three

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children. "We live in a country where most people do speak English. If we do not learn English, we will never get ahead."

Yet bilingual-education advocates are pressing harder to keep English from taking root. Their latest targets are early-childhood education programs such as Head Start, which, they allege, will "undermine" youngsters' fealty to their native languages.

Everyone knows that the younger the child, the more readily and painlessly a new language can be learned. As Head Start and kindred programs expand, therefore, conducting them in English promises a quick and easy means of imparting the language to young boys and girls. And that is precisely what the National Association for Bilingual Education dreads. Meeting in Tucson in late April, members of the group agreed to warn Congress that early-childhood education conducted in English poses a "grave threat" to "LEP" ("limited English proficient") children. This, avers association head James J. Lyons, presents "the risk of grave psychological harm." "At root," he claimed, "they are being taught to disrespect their parents."

That this is nonsense is plain to anyone who has

RIGHT DATA

Still Number One

THE FEAR THAT the U.S. is slipping and may already have lost its economic lead has energized the movement for an interventionist industrial policy. In fact, the latest data show we are comfortably ahead of other nations in terms of worker productivity.

GNP per Employed Person
(1989 Dollars)

		As Percentage of the U.S.			
	U.S.	**Japan**	**Germany**	**UK**	**Canada**
1950	$24,972	15.2	34.5	53.8	76.0
1973	39,198	50.8	64.9	61.8	85.4
1980	39,011	62.7	77.5	66.5	91.5
1989	43,673	72.7	82.0	71.5	94.0
		Average Annual Percentage Change			
1950–73	2.0	5.3	2.8	0.6	1.3
1973–80	(0.1)	3.1	2.6	1.1	1.0
1980–89	1.3	1.7	0.6	0.8	0.3

Source: U.S. Department of Commerce.

The typical Japanese worker produced 72.7 per cent as much as his American counterpart in 1989, up from only 15.2 per cent in 1950. Economists who study these trends claim that it is only natural for once-poor countries to draw closer to the leader. They can leap forward by replacing obsolete equipment with state-of-the-art technology produced elsewhere, whereas the leader must often wait for new technology to evolve before making new advances. However, once a degree of affluence is reached the situation changes. The nearly universal decline in the rate at which these countries are converging on the U.S. is evidence of this.

Economic convergence is beneficial for both the leader and the laggards. (Would we be better off if we were the only developed country?) The slowdown in our productivity growth is troubling, but even here there may be less to worry about than meets the eye. In *Productivity and American Leadership* (MIT Press, 1989), Princeton economist William Baumol assembles data showing that our manufacturing productivity rebounded spectacularly in the 1980s, "bringing rates of growth higher than any previously experienced in postwar American history." He finds no sign of "deindustrialization": the U.S. share of world industrial output grew from 36 per cent in 1973 to 39 per cent in 1986. During the past quarter-century both the U.S. and Japan increased their share of world industrial employment, while Britain, West Germany, and France saw their share shrink.

Paradoxically, the very success of U.S. manufacturers may have contributed to the overall productivity slowdown. As industry learns to produce more with fewer workers, more of the labor force is absorbed into service jobs. Unlike manufacturing, productivity gains in service jobs are difficult to achieve. As Baumol points out, it takes as much labor to play a Scarlatti sonata on the harpsichord today as it did in the eighteenth century.

Service employment has therefore grown rapidly, while industrial workers account for an ever-smaller share of the U.S. labor force. But this has not occurred because other countries are taking away our high-wage manufacturing jobs and leaving us with McDonald's. Each of the 19 countries Baumol analyzed has experienced the same shift. If anything, labor is moving into services less rapidly in the U.S. than in our trading partners. While the U.S. service/industry ratio grew 10 per cent between 1965 and 1980, West Germany's grew 19 per cent and Japan's, 31 per cent. —Ed Rubenstein

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ever seen the ease with which a small child can become—and remain—completely bilingual, speaking in his native tongue to parents and neighbors while conversing easily in English with classmates and teachers—and, in time, with professors and employers. This has been the experience of immigrant families for generations. Today's bilingual educators, however, prefer to trap the children in their native languages. No doubt they will enjoy much success on Capitol Hill in their new campaign for more "bilingual" pre-school and Head Start programs. Congress loves this sort of craziness.

Special Attention

TWO REPUBLICAN Presidents, to their cost, have acquiesced in Congress's desire to have a special prosecutor—a/k/a independent counsel—investigate the executive branch. So have congressional Republicans. Republicans seem to have a compulsion to prove they aren't "partisan," a phobia that manifestly doesn't cramp the Democrats' style, and the results have been disastrous for the Republicans, worse yet for the balance of powers. Whether or not the special prosecutor is strictly unconstitutional, he is at least an anomaly. Executing the laws is by definition the executive function. The excuse that only an independent prosecutor can hold the executive branch to the law comes oddly from a Congress that routinely exempts itself from its own laws.

L. Gordon Crovitz of the *Wall Street Journal* notes that the Iran–Contra case has cost the government, at the lowest estimate, more than $28 million—and possibly four times that much. This huge expense is wildly disproportionate to the $3.8 million at stake in the diversion of funds, especially considering how little criminality has been discovered.

Because he is appointed to deal exclusively with a single case, the special prosecutor needn't worry about cost-efficiency in the way ordinary prosecutors do every day. With no competing responsibilities or limitations on his resources, he can pursue his quarry forever—as Lawrence Walsh in fact seems disposed to do. This is why the office seems constitutionally dubious. It doesn't merely guarantee that the executive branch will be subject to normal scrutiny: instead it makes possible an extraordinary and unending form of persecution, unlike any faced by other citizens suspected of crimes.

The office should not exist. If Congress judges that the President has failed to execute the laws faithfully, or has violated them himself, it has other sanctions, including the ultimate one of impeachment. It is not entitled to maintain ongoing harassment. If Congress wants a worthy subject of exhaustive inquiry, it can turn its attention to the savings-and-loan scandal.

Mr. Bush Blinks

Recessions, like the fog, appear
On little cat feet hard to hear.
Sometimes they merely nose around
Till rosy sentiments rebound;
But sometimes, when the government
Gets antsy over what it spent
And lays on taxes with a trowel,
Recoveries throw in the towel.

W. H. VON DREELE

Apparatchiks' Party

THE 28th Communist Party Congress, which is taking place in Moscow as we go to press, has been billed as a climactic showdown between reformers and conservatives over the future of the nation. It may even look that way as Party conservatives take the floor to denounce what they see as the failure of Gorbachevian reform. What is often not noticed in the West, however, is the fact that the Party functionaries who are outraged over the course of *perestroika*—no less than the reformist minority—are almost all Gorbachev-era appointees. Since 1985 virtually the entire Politburo has been replaced. Of 155 regional and territorial first secretaries, only 23 are left. Of the senior military men, only two were in place before 1985. In some cases, regional Party leaders have been replaced several times.

The Congress will elect a new Central Committee and adopt a new platform. But the new men are likely to be no more reform-minded than their predecessors, because it is only in an unreformed Soviet system that they have the possibility to wield power. What the country needs is the kind of structural reform that would open society to a real division of power. This is unlikely to come from the body which, even though discredited and in decline, is still the linchpin of the present structure.

Vive le Québec Libre!

NEWFOUNDLAND, for so many years the butt of Canadian jokes, has had its revenge. The passive resistance of the Newfoundland provincial government scuttled the Meech Lake Ac-

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cord, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's desperate attempt to keep a restive Quebec happy, and it may have scuttled Canada into the bargain.

Pat Buchanan has suggested that the United States should actively plan to admit the Western provinces of the soon-to-be-former country as states [see Peter Brimelow, *"Mon Dieu! Montreal!," NR*, June 25]. This is premature, to say the least. America has bought (or seized) swatches of territory from other countries in the past, but it has rarely ingested going political concerns. In any case, English-speaking Canadians and *Québecois* may yet find some formula of condominium that satisfies them both.

If they can't, they should go their own ways, with each other's, and our, blessings. The world seems to be witnessing a breakup of multi-communal states: the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, India. Canada has always been in a different league morally from those totalitarian or socialist structures. Its breakup, if it comes, will be civil, and it will be easy to live with our new neighbors, particularly since we will be cohabiting with them in the existing U.S.–Canada free-trade area. Object: matrimony? No, but we may fall into it eventually.

Archibald Roosevelt, R I P

ALTHOUGH he possessed none of Theodore Roosevelt's swagger or flamboyance, Archie Roosevelt resembled his famous grandfather—in looks, in intellect, and in his devotion to a "strenuous life" of service to his country. He was an unassuming, almost diffident man who, in less tumultuous times, might have devoted his life to teaching and writing. Instead he became, by the general agreement of his peers, the greatest practitioner of the "craft of intelligence" (as his mentor, Allen Dulles, dubbed it) in American history. He was a genuine hero who combined the attributes of John Le Carré's George Smiley with the pluck of John Buchan's "Greenmantle"; and he was venerated by his colleagues in the CIA even as he was feared and respected by America's enemies.

But his extraordinary record of achievement may never be fully known, for, above all else, Archie was a man who knew how to keep secrets, even to the point of allowing others to take credit in the press for his accomplishments. The chapters devoted to his career in the national-security services of his country are the least interesting sections of his elegantly written memoirs, since, as Archie would remind his readers, he was under oath to protect the secrecy of his old agency.

His last years were spent working in the private sector, and in assisting his wife, Lucky, in her duties as Ronald Reagan's chief of protocol. He was a product of the old school—right out of the pages of Henry Adams's *Democracy*—and one of the last examples of the sort of disinterested patriotism that has become all too rare in the recent history of our country. *Sit tibi terra levis.* —PETER P. WITONSKI

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I wish to defend Mr. Metcalfe who took you to task ["Notes & Asides," April 1] for referring to "24-carat *plata*." You dismissed him with your customary sneering elegance, but I still think you are wrong and he is right. Yes, *plata* (silver) may be used colloquially to signify: "money; dough; bread." In effect, you defend yourself by pleading "metaphor." This defense fails: be it "money," "bread," or "dough," when you made your *plata* 24-carat, you *mixed* your metaphor. I have yet to hear English speakers talk of "24-carat money" or "24-carat dough."

Harley Cahen
Ithaca, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Cahen: Now wait a minute, why was it to "sneer" to make a point which you now validate? As to *your* point, what metaphor you might choose to use does not govern other people. In answer to your question, I could perfectly understand the statement, "I want some 24-carat money, not the Argentine stuff." Okay? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I always knew that Harvard (U.S.A.) and Cambridge (England) were under the control of leftists, but was under the impression that Cambridge had reformed somewhat in view of a long series of unsavory episodes. Well, I recently acquired a copy of *The Cambridge Guide to Literature in English* and had occasion to look up one of my favorite writers, James Gould Cozzens. In a brief entry this sentence appears: "His enquiries into the possibilities of social stability have been criticized by some as danger-

Two Flirts

Mr. Bush and Mr. Brady
Ogle like a shady lady
Mr. Greenspan, whose demeanor
  Never varies from the prim;
Both bemoan the cost of money
(Which is why they call him "honey"),
As the Messrs. Bush and Brady
  Teeter-totter on their limb.

W. H. VON DREELE

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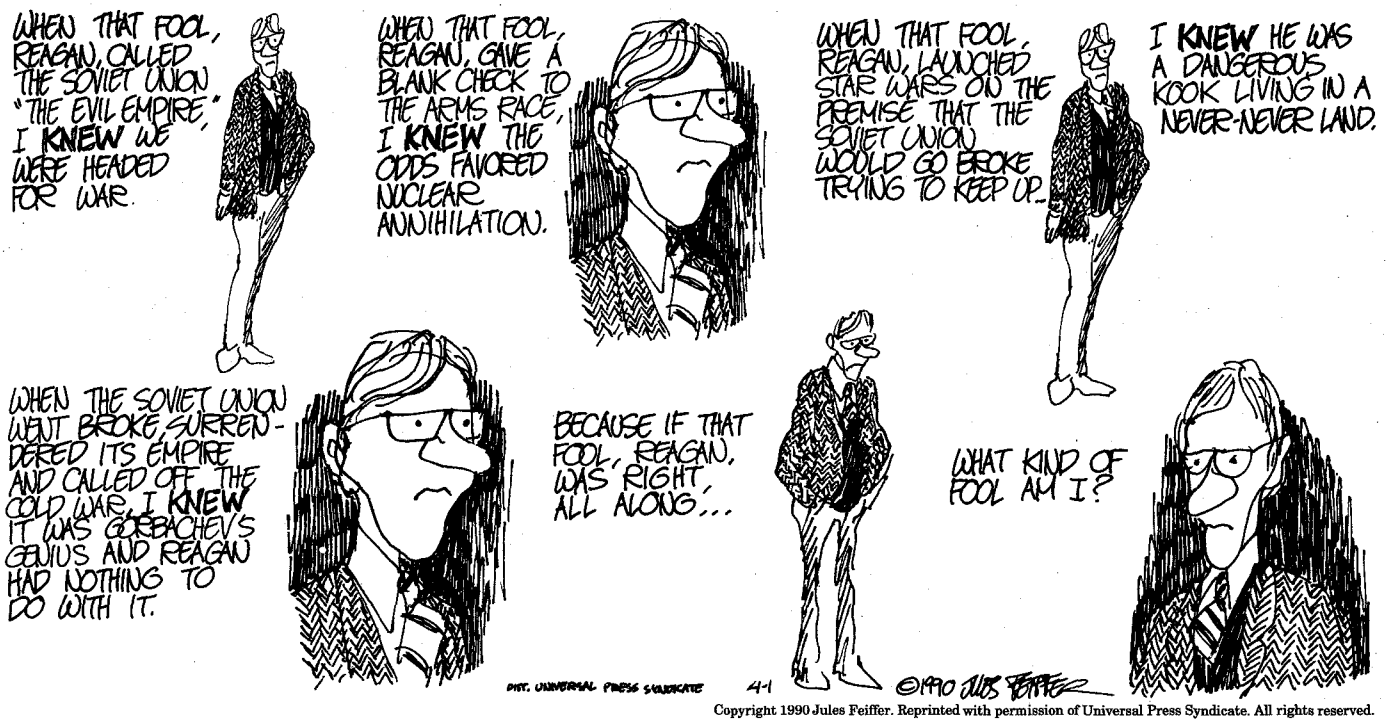
WHEN THAT FOOL, REAGAN, CALLED THE SOVIET UNION "THE EVIL EMPIRE," I KNEW WE WERE HEADED FOR WAR.
WHEN THAT FOOL, REAGAN, GAVE A BLANK CHECK TO THE ARMS RACE, I KNEW THE ODDS FAVORED NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION.
WHEN THAT FOOL, REAGAN, LAUNCHED STAR WARS ON THE PREMISE THAT THE SOVIET UNION WOULD GO BROKE TRYING TO KEEP UP...
I KNEW HE WAS A DANGEROUS KOOK LIVING IN A NEVER-NEVER LAND.
WHEN THE SOVIET UNION WENT BROKE, SURRENDERED ITS EMPIRE AND CALLED OFF THE COLD WAR, I KNEW IT WAS GORBACHEV'S GENIUS AND REAGAN HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.
BECAUSE IF THAT FOOL, REAGAN, WAS RIGHT, ALL ALONG...
WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I?
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ously right wing." The leftist line, then, is alive and well at Cambridge. I'll bet in the 1,109 pages of the *Guide* there is not one word about an author being "dangerously left wing."

Ben Norgress
Denham Springs, La.

Dear Mr. Norgress: Did you look under George Bush? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill: The enclosed Feiffer [above] belongs in Notes & Asides. Priscilla

■ May 21, 1990
To the Editor
The Spectator
London

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Simon Sebag-Montefiore was obviously sustained by mountainous predilections when he interviewed me (*Spectator*, May 19, 1990), and I haven't the time or the inclination to reorient him. Three things caught my eye, however, that merit attention. 1) He quotes me, by which I mean puts inside quotation marks, the sentence: "I know [Mrs. Thatcher] well. She has been on my show many times." a) I don't know Mrs. Thatcher well; b) she hasn't been on my show "many times" (she has been on twice); and, while I am at it, c) if I *did* know her well and if she *had* been on my show "many times" I wouldn't have said so in such an interrogation in those words. Such formulations don't generate in me. 2) Mr. S-M writes, "He is as famous for his sailing books, detective novels, and tales of his own socialite life as he is for his politics. In 1983's *Overdrive*, for example, he describes his jacuzzi as the 'most beautiful indoor pool since Pompeii.' " Sorry, but how did that "for example" get in there? For example of what? In fact, my pool (not my jacuzzi) is probably the most beautiful indoor pool since Pompeii. And finally, 3) your correspondent writes that "the name of the novel that made him famous when he was only 24 [was] *God and Man at Yale*." To write that *God and Man at Yale* was a novel is on the order of writing that *Lucky Jim* is an account of the life of James II. . . . But the young man was in an awful hurry, and clearly doesn't have the advantage of restoring himself at night in the most beautiful indoor pool since Pompeii.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Can you riddle me this? Several days ago I received unexpectedly a check from the U.S. Treasury for $1,000 marked "Tax Ref." They said they will soon (!) send me a complete explanation. However, if I "cash the check and it is later determined that I was not entitled to it I may be charged interest from the date of the refund to the date of repayment."

Needless to say I won't touch the check and be in a position of paying for the Treasury's mistake. What a way to run etc.

Sincerely,
Howard Benoist Jr.
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Mr. Benoist: Why don't you turn the check over to NATIONAL REVIEW? We'll send three subscriptions to the Kennedy, Johnson, and Carter Libraries, which are tax deductible; and then let *them* figure it out. Meanwhile, we'll indemnify you. Cordially,

—WFB

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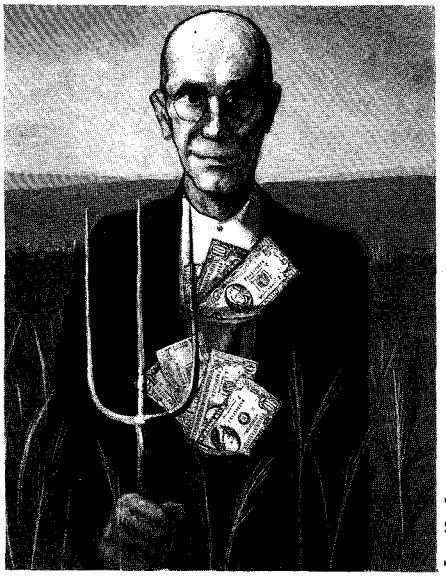
The Hill Farm Swamp

SUSAN MANDEL



Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON, D.C.

DEPRESSION-ERA farm subsidies are alive and well in this year's farm bill. Life on the farm, however, has changed considerably since the 1930s, with farm income now at an all-time high for the second year in a row. This incongruity between farm policy and reality has set off a minor revolt in the House.

The 1990 farm bill has an estimated cost of $54 billion over the next five years. But if the last two farm bills are any indication, the actual cost would be at least twice that amount. Moreover, that is the tab only for direct price supports, which are all this legislation covers. Americans spend billions more on subsidized farm loans, export subsidies, and higher food prices caused by regulations, quotas, and tariffs. The U.S. Department of Agriculture put total taxpayer and consumer subsidies to farmers at $30 billion for 1988. Average income for full-time farmers that year, supposedly lowered by the drought, was $168,000, and their average net worth was just over $1 million. Meanwhile, a recent USDA study concludes that food prices are 12 per cent higher than they would be without government intervention; the poor, who typically spend a third or more of their income on food, are hurt the worst.

Leading the attack against lavish federal farm spending is a bipartisan coalition of 23 non-farm-district House members organized by Dick Armey (R., Tex.) and Chuck Schumer (D., N.Y.), and including Barney Frank (D., Mass.), Bill Gradison (R., Ohio), Tom Downey (D., N.Y.), Silvio Conte (R., Mass.), and Andy Jacobs (D., Ind.). Their strategy: to offer on the House floor a series of amendments directed against the most glaring examples of waste and inequity, the items farm-district members will have the most difficulty defending.

The first target is subsidies to wealthy farmers. The way the farm program now works, over 40 per cent of cash subsidies end up in the pockets of only 4 per cent of the farmers. The Armey–Schumer camp is betting that in the current budget-cutting mood, House members won't see a need to give hundreds of thousands of dollars to wealthy individuals even if they are farmers. Their proposal to deny such subsidies to producers with adjusted gross incomes of over $100,000, which would save taxpayers an estimated $1 billion a year, is expected to prevail on the House floor.

In the House Agriculture Committee, made up entirely of farm-district members, such talk is blasphemy. The tensest moments in the six weeks of committee deliberations came when Timothy Penny (D., Minn.) offered a watered-down version of the Armey–Schumer proposal; Penny's version, which was ultimately withdrawn, would have stopped government payments only for those producers with over $2 million a year in adjusted gross income.

It is hard to imagine anyone seriously claiming that Penny's proposal was too strong. But putting any cap on what farmers can earn while participating in government programs undermines the farm lobby's time-worn defense: we need to give farmers billions of dollars, not for their sake, but to ensure the stability of the country's food supply. As Glenn English (D., Okla.) told fellow committee members, "The basic purpose of the farm program is supply management. If it's income maintenance, folks, let's fold up the tent and forget it."

The problem with the theory of U.S. farm policy as supply management is that it ignores the major agricultural advances of the twentieth century, which have led to ever-increasing crop yields worldwide. "Food shortages are not a very real threat" to American consumers, notes Jim Bovard, author of *Farm Fiasco*. The policy of paying farmers not to farm 59 million acres this year supports his point.

Other targets of the Armey–Schumer group include price supports for peanuts, sugar, wool, and mohair. The sugar program is a prime example of the farm program's inefficiency and inequity. Thanks to import quotas, consumers pay an estimated $3 billion above market price for sugar each year to subsidize an industry that only nets $300 million annually. And because the subsidies come directly from consumers rather than via the government, there's no limit to the windfalls the producers can reap. According to *Forbes*, one of the country's largest sugar producers—a socially prominent family in Palm Beach, Florida—takes in an estimated $52 million a year as a result of government price setting.

IN THE SENATE, meanwhile, the debate thus far has centered not on reform, but on whether to give farmers even more. Democrats on the Senate Agriculture Committee initially endorsed a package that would have raised farm-program spending by $2 billion.

Leading the fight on behalf of farmers, as they wanted everyone to know, were the committee's five "prairie populists": Bob Kerrey (D., Neb.), Tom

Miss Mandel is NR's congressional correspondent.

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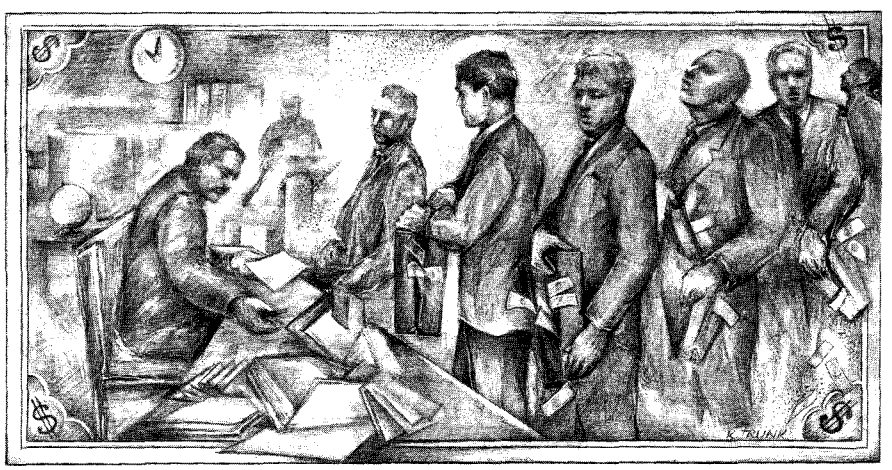
Daschle (D., S.D.), Tom Harkin (D., Iowa), Kent Conrad (D., N.D.), and Max Baucus (D., Mont.). Ironically, their efforts were not backed by any of the mainstream farm groups. Even so, the five senators apparently felt that pressing for higher farm payments would play well back home. In the end, fiscal reality and Republican opposition forced the prairie populists to back down and accept current spending levels.

Meanwhile, Messrs. Armey and Schumer have found some senators willing to move their amendments from the floor of the Upper House, and a few could very well make it into the Senate version of the farm bill. A small element of reason could thus enter into U.S. farm policy, sending a chill through the agriculture lobby. Because if our farm policy were based on reason, there would be no more farm subsidies. □

Revolution Betrayed

RADEK SIKORSKI



Katherine Trunk

WARSAW

SUCH WAS the pace of events that no two pundits can even agree when the Polish revolution occurred. During the roundtable talks in April of last year, when the Communists agreed to renounce their monopoly of power? After the June 1989 elections, in which they were soundly defeated? In August, when Solidarity formed its own government? Perhaps Poland is not free at all, since completely unencumbered parliamentary elections have not yet been held. The confusion is so deep that one seasoned dissident—Mr. Kornel Morawiecki of Fighting Solidarity—remains in hiding, even though the Communist Party which had once persecuted him no longer exists.

Whatever the precise dates, it can safely be said that Poland has been the mistress of her own affairs for the last year or so. Has independence fulfilled expectations?

Someone coming back to Warsaw after a year's absence would indeed notice changes. He might note with approval that trams have for the first time been allowed to earn money by lending their bodies to advertising; that sidewalks are hardly passable for the profusion of street vendors; and that the new Marriott and Holiday Inn for the first time offer decent accommodations. That is the picture given on Polish television, with hordes of smartly clad executives falling over themselves to invest in Poland.

This is also the picture in London and New York, where young investment types dream of making a fast buck in Warsaw. Coming to Poland, they will learn that setting up a company takes months and is more costly than in London. Lawyers, accountants, office space—all are virtually unobtainable. Capital and profits transfers are strictly controlled. In fact, the great majority of would-be investors will go home empty-handed.

On television news there are more bad omens. Railwaymen recently immobilized trains in large parts of the country, demanding a pay raise from their present $80 per month. Farmers blocked roads with tractors around one regional capital, cutting it off for several days, and only raised the siege when the government threatened to use armored personnel carriers. As I write, the agriculture minister is held hostage inside his ministry by six hundred angry farmers.

Above all there are signs that the pact that holds Poland's politics together is unraveling: Solidarity has all but split into the Center Party around Walesa and the left-leaning camp which controls the parliament. The Walesa group believes that the main danger to Polish democracy comes from the likely failure of the economic reforms, which would bring democracy itself into disrepute. Walesa advocates an "acceleration"—breaking the resistance of the remaining Communist bureaucrats and speeding up the passage of necessary bills through parliament. The left-leaning new government establishment, however, seems to think that Poland's reform has been all but achieved through its own elevation to power.

"My prediction is that Poland will not make it," declared Professor Amitai Etzioni in the *New York Times* recently. People "respond slowly and partially" to novel market stimuli. The assumption that "Poles are good people held down by bad institutions" has to be revised and a less ambitious plan adopted.

The fault, according to Professor Etzioni, lies with "the pernicious effects of neoclassical economics": "Subsidies have already been slashed, the zloty is now convertible, industries are being privatized, bankruptcies are permissible. . . . Massive inflation and unemployment have followed." If revolution and dictatorship are to be avoided, Poland must slow down its "transition to a market economy."

But is the experiment with capitalism really doomed? Professor Etzioni's claim is significant because developments in Poland are watched with keen interest not only in Budapest and Prague but, most importantly, in Moscow.

As the most cursory overview of the Polish economy indicates, the removal of subsidies and stabilization of the zloty have *reduced*, not fanned, inflation. It was precisely in order to arrest hyperinflation of 1,200 per cent last year that the IMF austerity program

Mr. Sikorski, NR's roving correspondent, is currently based in Warsaw.

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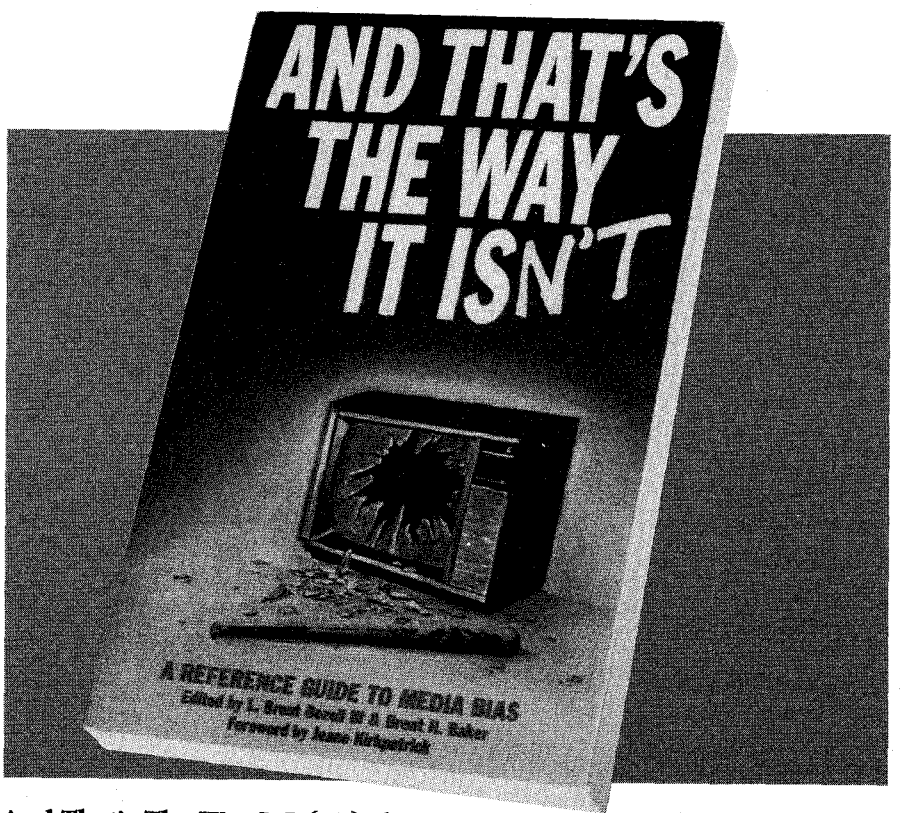

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was introduced on January 1. The result has indeed been unemployment—450,000 people in June (3 per cent of the workforce)—but to the government's embarrassment the great majority of those registered so far had never had a job before and are simply taking advantage of the newly introduced unemployment benefits, unknown under Communism. Bankruptcies are indeed permissible but the procedure is Byzantine, as a result of which *not a single* Polish factory has yet been declared bankrupt even though half of all the country's industry would qualify under normal economic conditions. Nor has a single factory been privatized; the law that might allow it has been stuck in parliament for months. Where do these professors get their facts?

The problem is not that change is too swift but, as Walesa says, that too many things have stayed the same. Old bureaucrats hang on. Some 90 per cent of Polish industry still remains in state hands. Taxes are punitive—e.g., the employers' National Insurance contribution is fixed at a ludicrous 40 per cent. Small wonder that the private sector has actually shrunk in recent months.

But while the Mazowiecki government preaches the virtues of free markets, entrepreneurship, and sound money, the reality on the ground still stifles initiative. Whether foreign or native, potential investors are warmly encouraged at the ministerial level only to get into a bog of bureaucracy, lawlessness, and sloth when they actually try to produce something. Communist dinosaurs flourish. Classically, Polish television, which produces one and a half channels' meager programming, employs over 12,000 people. (By comparison, Rupert Murdoch's four channels of Sky Television are produced by a team of six hundred.)

To point to unemployment and bankruptcies as the downside of Polish reform is to misunderstand fundamentally the nature of the changes here. A period of unemployment is not a social evil but a necessary means of reallocating labor and, even more importantly, of instilling the respect for labor which the Communists had done their best to destroy. Half the people in Poland have jobs that would not exist in a normal economy. It is better that they should lose them and start new ones, producing something or providing a service other people might want. In short, the more unemployment (and the quicker), the better.

Bankruptcies, if they were happening, would also be a healthy sign, a sign that the state and the banks are no longer willing to pour good money after bad into unreformable enterprises. It was not for nothing that the Communist economy was called "a machine for turning good raw materials into shoddy goods."

Mazowiecki, unwilling to practice Communist methods, failed to take emergency powers. But he also resists early elections which would produce a more reform-minded parliament. Privatization and reform bills are now bogged down in parliamentary committees. From an equally noble motive—respect for workers' rights—the government also missed the chance to break up the bogus Communist cooperatives which monopolize trade.

The biggest threat to progress in Poland is the new establishment's resting on its laurels. Nobody in his right mind ever expected that the civilized institutions and habits that Communists have worked for half a century to destroy can be rebuilt in a matter of months. We might even fail—whatever that means in a country in which nobody is actually threatened with starvation. But our only hope is to try our best, and not to admit, as Professor Etzioni would like, that we "cannot make it." □

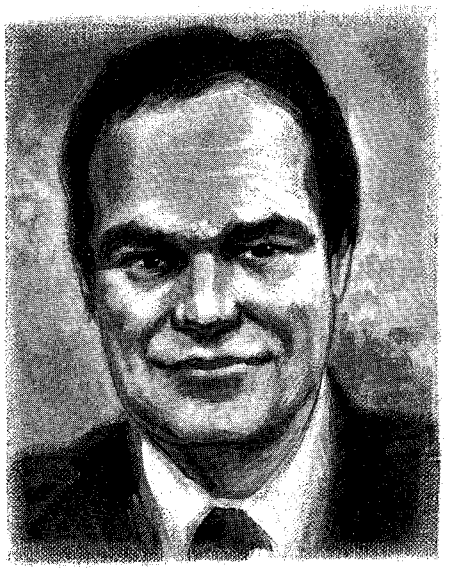
Lazy Days, Busy Pols

RICHARD BROOKHISER

BURLINGTON, IOWA

I HAD COME to the Burlington Steamboat Day Parade to see Representative Tom Tauke (R., Iowa), who is challenging Tom Harkin (D., ADA: 95) for his Senate seat. It was a summer day of that hellish heaviness peculiar to places that are hundreds of miles from any coast. But my heart leapt up when I saw the paraders. There were twirlers, bagpipers, and square-dancers. There were fezzed Shriners on motorcycles, making figure-8s. There were a T-Bird, a Packard, a Chrysler Airflow, and a llama in a truck. There was a man in a bathtub dressed as Spuds Mackenzie (how he avoided death by dehydration I don't know, unless he had a Bud in his muzzle).

The Tauke campaign's contribution to the line of march was a pickup truck with a three-foot-tall plush elephant roped to the hood. Tauke workers ranged up and down the curbs, passing out Indian feathers with the message, I'M FOR TAUKE, on the headband. (A brilliant stroke: what Democrat is going to tell his kid, "Pull that off, you're not a Republican Indian"?) But their best attraction was the congressman himself, who preceded the truck on foot, simply bounding with energy as he criss-crossed Main



Jennifer Lawson

Street, waving and shaking hands. I could barely walk upright; I admired the performance enormously.

It was more than an exercise in Americana, however, for a late-May poll commissioned by Iowa NBC and CBS TV affiliates showed Tom Harkin at 46 per cent, only nine points ahead of his challenger—soft support for an incumbent this far before Labor Day. The humidity-resistant congressman has a good shot at replacing him.

Part of the reason is local patriotism. Iowans have a habit of turning out incumbent senators—no one has won this seat twice since 1966—and the suspicion that a lawmaker has forgotten his roots is a large factor in this

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pattern. Tauke exploits this determinedly: Tom Harkin's "home" in Iowa, he says, is a post-office box, and less than a fifth of the money Harkin has raised so far has come from Iowa.

Another important component of Tauke's campaign is his tone of voice. The day before I arrived in Burlington, the state Republican Party took the occasion of Flag Day to tweak Harkin on the issue of flag burning. Tauke feels that the Supreme Court erred in equating action and speech, but he also says he wants to avoid "taking a few emotional issues and exploiting them to divide the electorate." His manner is earnest, informed, slightly high-school-teacherish. There were moments, frankly, when I missed Al Sharpton. But Iowa is a state with a strong tradition of goo-goo high-mindedness, and this is probably the right way to approach it.

Tauke's position on taxes and spending is that he takes a dim view of both. "George Bush was right in 1988: 'No new taxes.'" (Better change that, Tom.) What would you do with the peace dividend? he was asked at one stop. "If you stop spending money you don't have," he replied, "you have an obligation to save it."

Tauke believes there should be a peace dividend, for his defense and foreign-policy views reflect the dovishness which has been roosting in the Midwest for 75 years or so. He tells his audiences that he opposed "the Ronald Reagan build-up." He wants to cut the number of American troops abroad now—"we can't continue to defend the borders of Europe." He is, however, a supporter of SDI, in order to prevent "Third World weapons . . . landing on Cincinnati or some place."

On the social issues, the word "empowerment" has spread among Republicans like the kudzu vine, and it has taken root in Tauke's rhetoric. His wife, Beverly, worked in the Cabrini–Green projects in Chicago, and he cites them as a text for a sermon on the need for tenant management. He supported George Bush's approach to child care—aid to families, not social workers—before Bush did. "For twenty years," he says, "the incentives of our social programs have been for dependence, not independence."

The one emotional issue that can't be handled in high-school fashion in Iowa this year is abortion, and Tauke is prepared to meet it head-on. Harkin is pro-abortion down the line; Tauke wants a constitutional amendment recognizing "the personhood of the unborn." "When NARAL comes into the state," Tauke says, "I'm not going to sit back and take it." He won't have to wait long. Abortion inflamed the Democratic gubernatorial primary this spring. The *Des Moines Register*, which endorsed Tauke in most of his congressional races, will undoubtedly go with his opponent on account of this issue.

Tauke's opponent, the junior senator from Iowa, calls himself a populist, and his voting record is indistinguishable from those of many liberals. But Tom Harkin's roots were in the Left. He was the photographer, accompanying a congressional fact-finding trip, who snapped the South Vietnamese "tiger cages"—oubliettes in which the Saigon government supposedly stuffed its enemies. The "tiger cages" were not in fact as hellish as Harkin shot them, but his pictures, when they appeared in *Life*, did their bit to persuade America that the South Vietnamese were unworthy of freedom. When Harkin's first run for the House failed, he incubated at an IPS spinoff in Iowa until his next try, in 1974, which succeeded.

Harkin has had an ability, however, to flip the hot issues so that he appears to be, not only the aggrieved party, but the conservative one as well. When he mounted his successful Senate campaign, he painted his opponent, conservative Republican Roger Jepsen, as a big spender ("Red Ink Roger"). He ran as a patriot, citing his record as a Navy pilot. He even managed to present himself as "the real pro-life candidate."

If the polls are correct, the act may be wearing thin. If Iowans hold to form and turn Harkin out, Senator Tauke will just have to remember to keep attending Steamboat Day Parades. □

Mightier than Le Pen?

ROGER KAPLAN

Jennifer Lawson

PARIS

IN A MID-JUNE by-election for a seat on a regional council in Villeurbanne, a town near Lyon, the candidate of Jean-Marie Le Pen's National Front beat out the other rightist candidates and, in the runoff the following Sunday, pulled in an astonishing 37 per cent of the vote against the Socialist candidate. More astonishing still was the incoherence of the traditional Right in the week between election and runoff: some leaders supported the *Lepeniste*, others called for a "Republican Front" with the Socialists, and the rest, including Lyon's Gaullist mayor, Michel Noir, weakly suggested that their followers cast blank ballots. The worst nightmare of the French Right—the National Front becoming the country's dominant opposition party—seemed to be coming true.

Of course, one by-election hardly defines a national trend, and the Right has three years to get its act together before the next national legislative elections. But the Villeurbanne election makes it clear that the main issue in France today, particularly for the once-dominant Gaullists, is what to do about Le Pen. And the election also illustrates how the Left has stayed in power ever since 1981 (leaving aside the 1986–88 "cohabitation" period), even though a majority of Frenchmen now favors rightist policies. In short, the Left has prospered because the Right is dispersed and divided.

The division between former Presi-

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dent Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and former Prime Minister Jacques Chirac is clean enough, like that between George Bush and Robert Dole or Michael Heseltine and Margaret Thatcher: clean enough to be resolved in the normal course of politics. Indeed, on June 26 their parties agreed to form l'Union pour la France (UPF), whose main purpose is to avoid a fratricidal war of the chiefs in the next presidential election by agreeing in advance on a single candidate. But if this remains merely a tactical front and does not develop a coherent strategy for local elections, it will not overcome the Right's biggest problem, which is Le Pen's growing popularity.

LE PEN entered politics in the late Fifties as a follower of the populist (but not racialist) Pierre Poujade. He launched the National Front in 1972, and although it was slow getting started, its vote-getting ability these past five or six years has prompted such profound and measured observers as the historian René Rémond to suggest that the Front may displace the mainstream Right parties as leader of the opposition, at least in the sense of providing the only true alternative agenda.

This would doom the Right for the foreseeable future, in an ironic reversal of André Malraux's diagnosis of Gaullism's success—"Between us and the Communists, there is nothing." The center will always choose Mitterrand over Le Pen.

Francois Mitterrand understood this first and most clearly, which may be why he is the only man to be twice elected president of the Fifth Republic. Mitterrand fully realized that he won the presidency in 1981 only because Giscard and Chirac were at each other's throats: had they been able to put aside their mutual contempt, Mitterrand would have lost. In that election, the National Front captured less than 2 per cent of the vote.

The Front's stock in trade is the immigration issue, historically a minor one. France traditionally has absorbed immigrants smoothly—turning waves of Italians, Poles, and Eastern European Jews into Frenchmen, and accepting hundreds of thousands of Portuguese.

The absorption of North African and black African Moslems, although more difficult, should not be impossible if an energetic government wished it. They could simply be told that if they want to live in France they must become French; their children would be taught to speak the language of Corneille and Descartes, their men to say *vous* when *vous* is correct and *tu* when *tu* is better, their women to dress properly in the French style, chic and cute. They would be told above all that to be French means to choose France.

Under Mitterrand, they were told nothing of the kind. Instead, African immigrants were shown how to get more benefits from the dole than they could have got from a job in Oran, Tunis, or Mali. They were told that their children would be citizens, and taught by Arabic-speaking teachers. They were told to wait a while and they would be able to vote in local elections, citizens or no. And they were told that France was fast becoming a multicultural society and that, in the words of the president's wife, Danielle, all cultures are of equal value, so do as you please.

After nine years of this, the National Front is proving to be the most resilient extreme-right party of the twentieth century. The Front's innermost circle includes men who chose Nazi collaborator Philippe Pétain over Charles de Gaulle during World War II. There are not many of them left, though they apparently had enough clout to keep the party from joining in the national celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of de Gaulle's first broadcast from London on June 18, 1940, calling on his countrymen to stay in the war.

In the next circle are men, some of whom were with de Gaulle in the Forties, who opposed him when he abandoned Algeria. There are more of these. And among the hundreds of thousands of veterans who never got over the loss of *l'Algérie française*, and the *pieds-noirs* who left their roots there and came over with just a suitcase in 1962, these men have quite a few sympathizers. Concentrated in the south of France, they have substantial electoral power, which is why the mayor of Nice, Jacques Médecin, found he had to make a tacit pact with the National Front to keep control of his city. This caused a scandal, and he was expelled from the Gaullist party (or, in his view, he quit). There is also a hard core of intellectuals, too young to have fought in World War II, who espouse a kind of neo-racialism and anti-Semitism.

The French Right, obviously, is worried. With an immigration problem fueling a divisive force in its midst, it has indignantly accused the government of playing with fire—which it is. The government itself has realized how explosive the situation has become. Its response, however, has been weak. It recently passed an "anti-racism" law (sponsored by the Communists) which allows the suspension of political rights for overtly racist appeals, but this will merely force Le Pen and his men to be more creative in the use of code words. As the historian François Furet says, "anti-racism" is merely a sort of rhetorical affirmative action that will widen the divisions in French society.

In point of fact, the proportion of immigrants in France, at 6 per cent, is the same as it was at the height of the influx of the "Polacks," as they were called, in the late Twenties. The problem arises not from the numbers of immigrants, but from the sense that they are establishing a country within a country, owing to their concentration in a few urban areas and the failure to turn them into Frenchmen. The Socialists recently shelved indefinitely the plan to let the immigrants vote, though Mitterrand later insisted that the plan was by no means dead.

But if the government can give the impression that it is able to come to grips with the immigration issue, while the National Front remains a fact of political life, the mainstream Right will be caught in a whipsaw. Chirac recognized that earlier than Giscard, which is why he has been telling his troops they must take on the Front and destroy it. The government has no reason to do it for them.

CAN THE RIGHT'S current stances—against social security for immigrants and against the "anti-racism" legislation—recapture voters from the National Front? Many of these voters are now convinced the mainstream parties do not care for them. Although the new UPF, if it holds, will convince some disaffected Frenchmen to "vote carefully" and cast their ballots for the mainstream Right, there remains a good chance the National Front will stay in business, and the Socialists will stay in power. □

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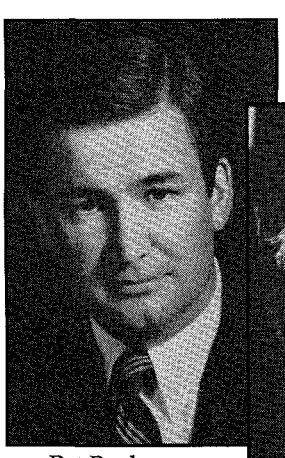

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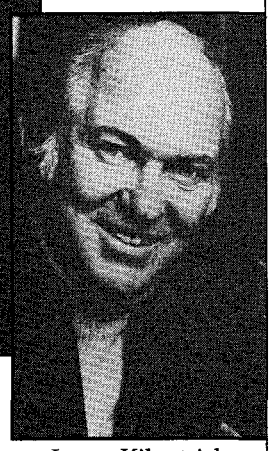

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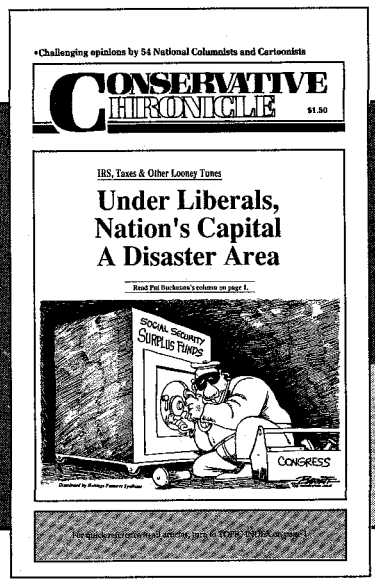
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Mapping Out the Wasteland

THE ANTI-SOCIALISTS

Western liberals have discovered that socialism in the Eastern bloc didn't work. But conservatives from William Graham Sumner to Feodor Dostoyevsky had long shown it *couldn't* work —except by making a prison of society.

JOHN GRAY

IT WILL, PERHAPS, be remembered as the supremely heroic achievement of Gorbachev's policy of *glasnost* that it has achieved what generations of Western anti-Communists failed to do: it has torn away the ideological veils of socialist systems and revealed the sordid realities of ubiquitous corruption, Third World living standards, environmental devastation, and economic ruin. In revealing these truths, the Soviet *glasnost* has only confirmed the prophetic insights of several generations of Western anti-socialist thinkers, who, although they accurately foretold the spiritual and material poverty produced by socialism, along with socialism's ultimate nemesis in war and famine, saw their works consigned by the Western academic class to an Orwellian memory hole. *Glasnost* has thereby earned these thinkers a nervous and grudging respect among a few liberal and socialist commentators.

For the most part, however, the writings of the anti-socialists remain neglected or derided as doctrinaire tracts, rather than appreciated as sober pieces of analysis. As for developments in the Soviet bloc, they are interpreted by *bien-pensant* opinion as signs of the reformability of Communist institutions instead of unmistakable evidence of their terminal crisis. It seems that the distinction between the capacity of a system of institutions to reform and renew itself, and its liability to collapse, which was once part of political common sense, is now too fine and subtle for the liberal mind to grasp—at least in its applications to socialism. Indeed, it is safe to predict that, even when its debacle is complete and it has vanished from the world, socialism's ruinous inheritance will be explained by liberal opinion as the result of the historical and cultural disabilities of the peoples who were subject to its tyranny.

Mr. Gray, a fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, is currently Stranahan Distinguished Research Fellow at the Social Philosophy and Policy Center, Bowling Green State University.

Rewinding Progress

THE FIRST WAVE of anti-socialist thought emerged in the latter half of the nineteenth century, in such writers as Sir Henry Maine, W. H. Mallock, W. G. Sumner, and Herbert Spencer. Disparate as their outlooks were in important respects, they converged on a vital insight—that socialism, whatever its theoretical self-image, would in practice be a step backward from the achievements of modern civil society. The analyses of Maine and Spencer, while they invoke theories of historical development that can scarcely be accepted in their entirety, are especially illuminating. Sir Henry Maine summed up his critique of socialism in the famous dictum, "Nobody is at liberty to attack several (or private) property, and to say at the same time that he values civilization." For Maine, as he shows in his books *Ancient Law* (1861) and *Popular Government* (1885), the history of the early modern period was a movement from a society of status to one of contract. The medieval order of ranks, hierarchies, and estates, in which individuals had little option but to accept the station into which they were born, gave way slowly but surely under the influence of the expansion of commerce to civil orders in which human relations were conducted by voluntary exchange under the rule of law. The tendency of popular democracy, and of its offspring in nascent socialist movements, was to turn back the clock of historical development and reinstitute a status-based society. This

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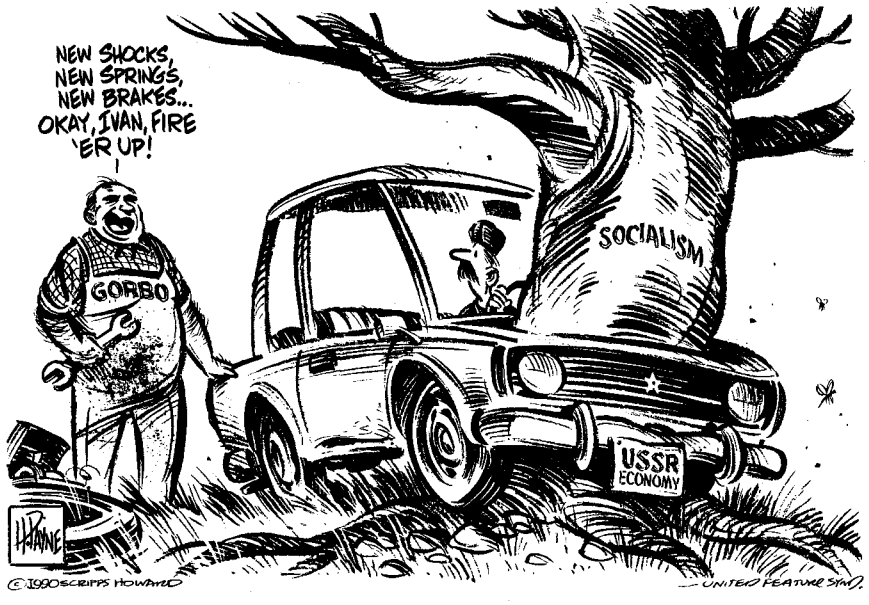
would be the inexorable outcome of the concentration of economic power in the socialist or interventionist state, with its consequent creation of a privileged caste of functionaries insulated from the disciplines of the market. Maine's insight that the domination of economic activity by the state cannot avoid creating a new sort of caste system based on possession of (or access to) political power strikingly anticipates theories of the New Class, as they have been developed in recent decades by neoconservative writers such as Irving Kristol and Daniel Bell and ex-Communists such as Milovan Djilas.

Spencer's analysis has much in common with Maine's—its central categories being those of the industrial and the militant society. The former are social orders based on voluntary cooperation among free men, endowed with private property and equal freedom. Such orders, Spencer believed, are inherently inimical to war and the domestic conflict of class strife, since they tend to benefit everyone via the processes of market competition. The inner logic of industrial society is to yield a global order of peace and prosperity, in which the natural evils of human life are progressively reduced. As against this optimistic scenario, however, Spencer discerned the ominous prospect of the re-emergence under the guise of socialism of the militant order. From being guarantors of free association among free men, states would themselves become hierarchical economic enterprises, supposedly devoted to the pursuit of the general welfare. Spencer's grim forebodings were evoked, not only by the socialist movements that sprang up in the last decades of the nineteenth century, but also by their counterparts in the interventionist new Toryism and Liberal Imperialism that emerged at the other end of the political spectrum in England, and by Bismarckian welfarism and *Realpolitik* in Germany. All these developments, Spencer argued in *The Man versus the State* (1884), presaged a rebarbarization of the civilized world. Spencer's insights into the reactionary character of socialism were embedded in a larger synthetic philosophy of progress, evolution, and the evanescence of imperfection which no one, I take it, can today find credible. But in perceiving that socialism would bring not peace but war, not abundance but poverty, not improvement but retrogression, decades before these perceptions were given a concrete historical object in Bolshevism, he deserves our respect and admiration.

The Forgotten Man

OFTEN LINKED with Spencer as an advocate of Social Darwinism, William Graham Sumner was another prescient late-nineteenth-century critic of socialism and the interventionist state. A prolific writer, professor at Yale for over thirty years, and, at the end of his life, briefly president of the American Sociological Association, Sumner was a trenchant defender of "the Forgotten Man"—the ever neglected victim of interventionist policies of inflationary finance: tariff, regulation, and welfarism. Although he was no great admirer of Spencer's larger synthetic philosophy, Sumner adopted and developed Spencer's evolutionary perspective on sociology and history, and embraced his distinction between militant and industrial societies. As with Spencer, Sumner's most readable books are not his monumental expositions of sociological theory (such as his *Science of Society*, published posthumously in four volumes), but instead such shorter, pithier books as *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other* (1883). Perhaps the most prescient of Sumner's critiques of expansionist government were his attack on "plutocracy," by which he meant the use of wealth to acquire legislative privileges for producer groups, and, most particularly, his indictment of protectionism as a form of exploitation of the consumer—critiques all the more relevant today, when anti-capitalist legislation is likely to prevail in the United States through the back door of tariffs. Sumner is to be remembered for his defense of private capital and private property as guarantors of civil liberty and equal freedom, and for his insistence that intervention in the market economy, whatever its avowed intentions, cannot avoid exploiting the powerless for the benefit of the privileged.



W. H. Mallock is a still more neglected late-Victorian anti-socialist thinker. His transient fame rested on his satirical story *The New Republic* (1877), in which he introduced memorable prose portraits of characters easily recognized as prominent living men. In the 1880s and 1890s, Mallock produced a brilliant series of works on economics and government directed against then-fashionable radical and socialist doctrines, of which *Classes and Masses* (1896) and *Aristocracy and Evolution* (1898) are among the most interesting. Mallock's thought remains important because, like H. L. Mencken, he recognized that capitalism and democracy might be at odds with each other, with the progressive dynamism of cap-

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italist institutions being increasingly shackled by democratic egalitarianism. Belonging to that school of late-Victorian pessimists which included the legal thinkers A. V. Dicey and Walter Bagehot, who perceived in the rise of mass democracy a threat to economic freedom and individual liberty, Mallock challenges those conservatives in our time who see in democratic capitalism an harmonious system of institutions whose systematic tendency is to promote liberty.

New Wave

A SECOND WAVE of anti-socialist thought begins, also in the late nineteenth century, with the Austrian Eugen Böhm-Bawerk's classic, *Karl Marx and the Close of His System*. In this seminal work, the major tenets of Marxist economics—the labor theory of value and the theory of exploitation—are given a ruthless dissection and demolition that has not been surpassed in any later critique of Marxist thought.

For the critique of socialism as an economic system, however, we must turn to the later theorists of the Austrian school of economics, Ludwig von Mises and Friedrich von Hayek. It is in these writers, above all, that we find a conclusive statement of the argument that a socialist economy is virtually a contradiction in terms, in that it lacks the institutions which make economic calculation, and therefore a rational allocation of resources, possible. It is worth dwelling on the arguments of Mises and Hayek for a while, since they contain by far the best theoretical explanation of the structural reasons for the economic chaos generated by socialist planning institutions, without exception, everywhere they have been tried. In his books *Socialism* and *Human Action*, Mises set out the fundamental—and insoluble—problem of socialism as a problem of calculation. In any modern economy, the production of even a single good presupposes that a vast set of decisions about relative scarcities of resources and urgencies of preferences has been taken. Mises's point is that, in any real economy in which great amounts of capital and consumer goods are in production, the relationships of scarcity and urgency in resources and preferences will be so inconceivably complex as to generate insuperable problems of calculation for any planning authority. In an economy that possesses the institutions of market pricing, relative scarcities will be exposed in price data, which can then be used by the various producers and consumers as they make their countless decisions as to investment and consumption. When, as under the institutions of central economic planning, economic agents are deprived of the price signals in terms of which alone they are able to allocate their resources with any semblance of rationality, calculational chaos ensues, with all its attendant impoverishment. Even the mythical disinterested socialist manager will be at a loss as to how to conduct his enterprise, since any basis of calculation will have disappeared along with the suppression of market pricing. In practice, he will be compelled to rely on historical and global capitalist prices, and on prices in the parallel black and grey markets which everywhere mitigate the chaos of socialist central planning. These devices will diminish or retard, but not prevent or reverse, the progressive impoverishment that socialist institutions bring with them.

Hayek's argument against socialist central planning is subtly but profoundly different from that of Mises. For Hayek, the fundamental problem of central planning is one not of calculation but of knowledge. In any society, economic knowledge is widely dispersed in the beliefs and perceptions of millions of individuals. It is for the most part local knowledge of specific, and often fleeting, circumstances. It is often also practical knowledge, stored and used in the form of skills and habits, traditional expertise and entrepreneurial flair. It is not that, as for Mises, this dispersed knowledge, once collected by a central-planning authority, throws up so many problems of calculation that it proves to be useless. It is instead, for Hayek, that *it cannot be collected at all*, in virtue of its local, practical, and ephemeral character. The role of market pricing is, then, to act as a discovery procedure, an epistemic device whereby dispersed knowledge can be transmitted and utilized in a decentralized form.

Just as the attempt to plan science threatens to stifle scientific progress, the attempt to plan the economy produces economic retardation.

For Hayek, socialism is just one species of constructivist rationalism—the attempt to reconstruct society on a rational pattern, which our chronic ignorance always condemns to an ignominious failure. This is the argument against socialism that Hayek set out in the path-breaking essays collected in his book *Individualism and Economic Order* (1948)—comprehensively dismissed in the West in the three decades following its publication, but now read avidly in Eastern Europe and wherever the long road from socialist serfdom is beginning to be traveled. Hayek's critique of the rationalist inspiration of the socialist project is echoed in the writings of his contemporary, Michael Polanyi. In Polanyi's statement of it, the argument against economic planning is on all fours with that against planning the growth of scientific knowledge—that it neglects, and tends to suppress or deplete, the stock of untheorizable tacit knowledge on which economic activity and science alike depend. Polanyi's claim is that, since we always make use of knowledge that we cannot state in theoretical terms, we always rely on knowledge of which we are ignorant: we always know more than we can say. The attempt to plan science—as envisioned by Marxist scientists between the wars—threatens to stifle scientific progress, just as the attempt to plan the economy produces economic retar-

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dation. In both cases, the project of subordinating practical activities reliant on tacit knowledge has a self-defeating effect, as Polanyi convincingly showed in his book *The Logic of Liberty*, and as Paul Craig Roberts has confirmed in his brilliant Polanyian study, *Alienation in the Soviet Economy*.

In the writings of Hayek and Polanyi, the narrow and instrumental critique of socialism developed by Mises is broadened and becomes a criticism of the hubristic ambitions of modern rationalism. This is not to say that incisive criticism of socialism is confined to critics of rationalism. Within the context of a rationalistic philosophy, the work of Ayn Rand contains some devastating insights into the moral psychology of socialist movements and societies. Miss Rand gives us a distinguished statement of the criticism of socialism made earlier by Nietzsche and Scheler, which identifies *ressentiment*, the animosity to nobility and virtue, rather than generosity or sympathy, as the animating sentiment of socialism. Ayn Rand's work is important, among other reasons, as a reminder of a once-important secular tradition of opposition to socialism, embodied in Britain in such figures as Charles Bradlaugh, and in America in H. L. Mencken and Frank Knight.

Reactionary Socialists

THE ANTI-SOCIALIST thinkers are an invaluable corrective to liberal illusion in that they show up the insuperable limitations of the socialist creed—its character as a reactionary revulsion against the individualist civil society that is the most precious achievement of Western civilization, the utopian unreality of central economic planning, and the ignoble sentiments that have often animated socialist movements. The predictions of the anti-socialists are amply corroborated by the history of our century, in which soft socialism, in Britain and (under the guise of intervention or regulation) in the United States, has produced economic stagnation and social conflict, while in the Communist bloc hot socialism has engendered catastrophe and a partial reversion to barbarism. The intellectual achievement of the anti-socialist thinkers is massive, yet it is recognized (if at all) only in the case of Hayek, whose subtle reasonings for the market as an epistemic device are now widely accepted. It remains to consider how the neglect of the anti-socialists by the mainstream of intellectual life is to be accounted for.

It is significant that even honorable and perceptive opponents of totalitarianism, who recognized its enmity to Western values, often failed to grasp that the socialist project was inherently totalitarian. So George Orwell, for all the brilliance of his insights, maintained to the last that, always provided it was democratic, socialism could respect basic human liberties. Like Sidney Hook, Orwell could not accept that comprehensive central planning, because it means the fusion of the economy with the state, is bound to destroy civil society and extinguish liberty. This lesson of the anti-socialists, and of the history of our times, is lost on these anti-totalitarians, who even now suppose that a democratic form of socialism may arise from the ruins of Communism.

In part, no doubt, the built-in anti-capitalist mentality of the Western intelligentsia explains much of this. Because they are largely insulated from the market process, because they are inclined to despise the practical or tacit knowledge on which the market economy depends, and (not least) because the market does not confer upon them the rewards they believe they deserve, Western intellectuals are systematically biased against market institutions and in favor of collectivism. These factors render hopelessly naïve any expectation that the global collapse of socialism (and now, perhaps, of social democracy, as in Sweden) will force the intelligentsia to acknowledge the achievements of free enterprise.

We fail to take the full measure of intellectual resistance to the collapse of socialism so long as we do not mark the character of socialism (and of liberalism in the forms it assumed in the French Enlightenment and in twentieth-century America) as a political religion that sought to supplant the inherited Judaeo-Christian faiths with a humanist and historicist theology. The socialist project, no less than the liberal project, was the construction of a political providence—a perfect, or indefinitely improvable, system of institutions that would deliver man from the mysteries and tragedies of the mortal lot. It is in this project of a political providence, and in rebellion against the imperfectibility of the human condition, that the ultimate inspiration of socialism is to be found.

The Atheist Ambition

A PROPHETIC DIAGNOSIS of the spiritual origins of modern socialism is to be found, not in any of the writers we have discussed so far, but in Dostoyevsky, and above all in his great novel *The Possessed*. There Dostoyevsky traces the socialist project to the atheist ambition of removing mystery and transcendence from the world, and creating a new world and a new humanity that is innocent of guilt and tragedy. Partly in virtue of his own pan-Slavist attachments, Dostoyevsky failed to see in the explosive compound of anti-capitalism and irreligion that was evidenced in the nihilist precursors of Bolshevism the source of the speculative frenzy that would all but destroy the Russian civilization he loved. He nevertheless dug deeper than any of the merely secular critics of socialism. The profundity of his diagnosis is well illustrated by recent events. Everywhere the incubus of socialism is being thrown off, there is at the same time, and for the very same reason, a renaissance of religious faith and practice. It is in the post-Communist countries, now at last emerging from decades of nihilist terror, that the character of socialism as a disorder of godlessness is most clearly perceived. In the West, no doubt, where the intelligentsia remains wedded to a sentimental and absurd religion of humanity, the roots of modern socialism in atheism will remain a taboo, well beyond the limits of Western liberal *glasnost*. □

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help!!!!

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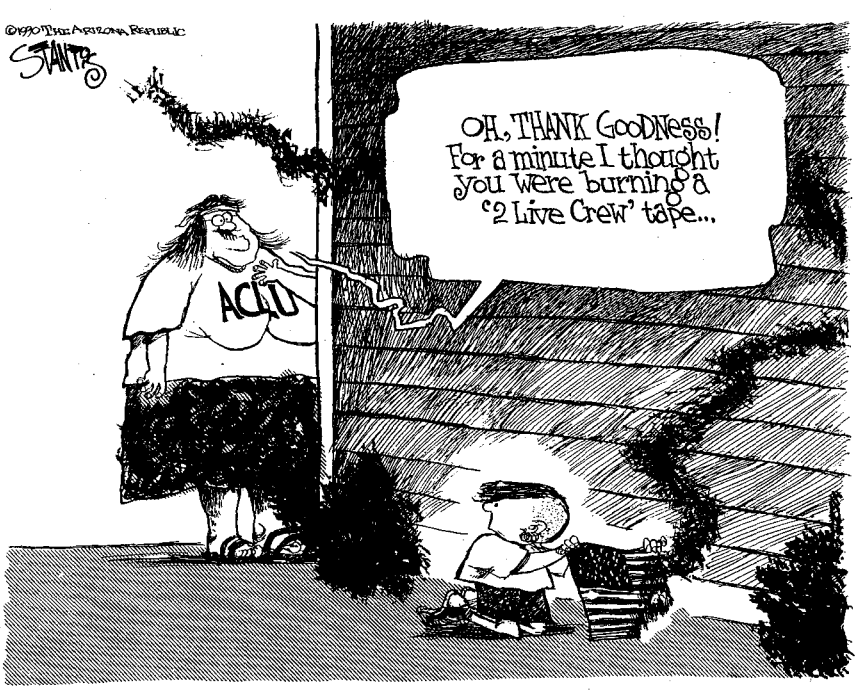
Good Luck, Mr. Bush

Their 12th-graders beat our best,
And I have no doubt a test
Of our worst against a zoo
Would be a disaster, too.
Meanwhile, tots in Tokyo
Cram for kindergarten so
They can pass the entrance quiz
And become a bloody whiz.

W. H. VON DREELE



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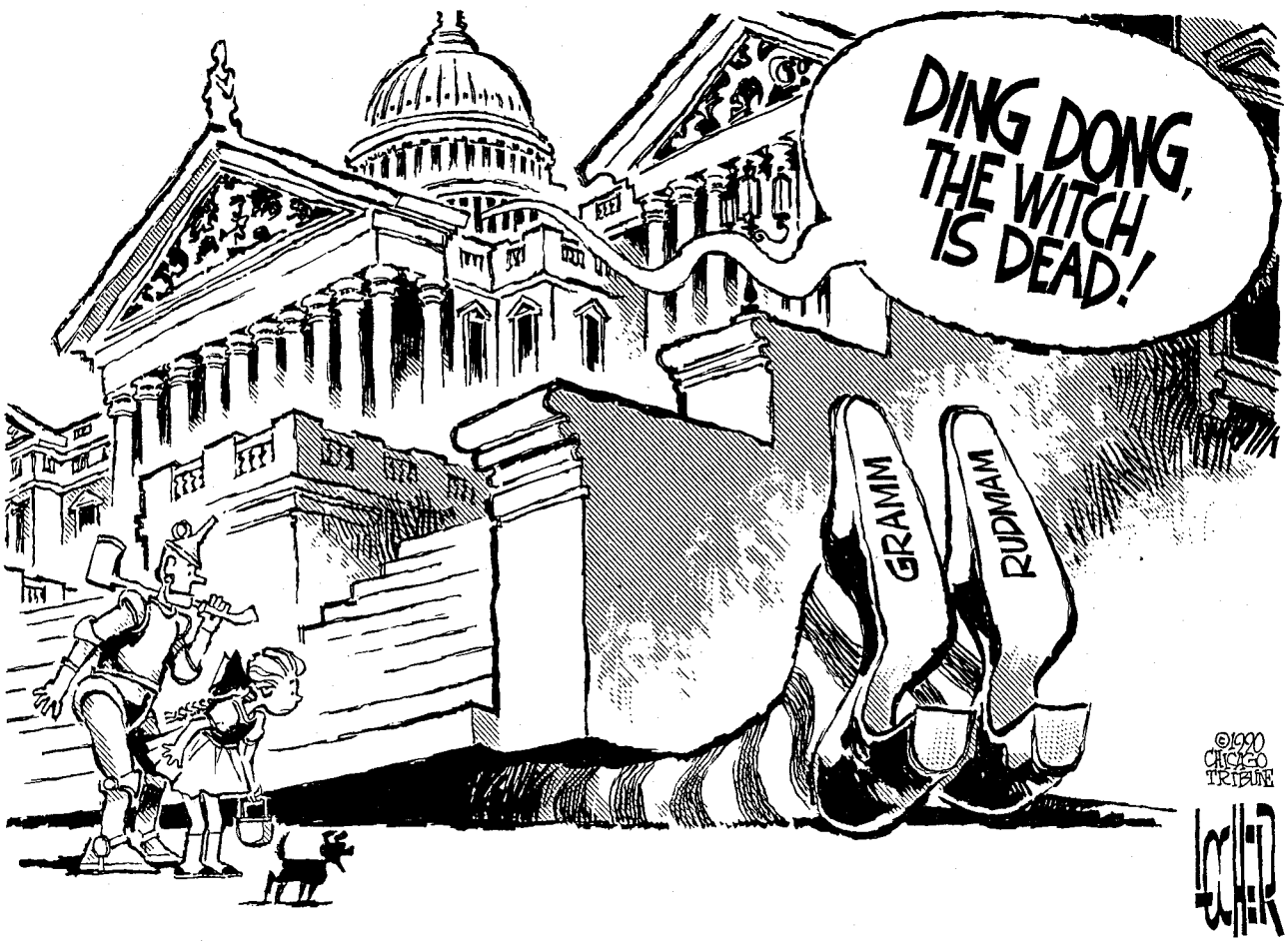

MACNELLY
Chicago Tribune
JUST MARRIED
SURE, GEORGE,... I THINK THEY'RE A CUTE COUPLE, TOO. -HELMUT'S A DELIGHTFUL YOUNG MAN - IT'S JUST THAT I THINK THEY SHOULD WAIT A WHILE -YOU KNOW, DATE OTHER PEOPLE - THEN LATER MAYBE THEY COULD GET ENGAGED...

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BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE THAT REAGAN BUILT

How did George Bush get into this mess? For the answer, look at the company he has been keeping: Richard Darman, Bob Dole, Bob Michel, and a gaggle of Democrats.

PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

IN THREE FELL words, "tax-revenue increases," President Bush destroyed his credibility, revived the politics of envy, resuscitated the Phillips curve, split the Republican Party, and made the Democrats' day.

Ninety House Republicans and about two dozen Republican senators have expressed their surprise and dismay over what the *Washington Post* called Bush's "political gamble" on "the most significant policy reversal of his Presidency." But, watching the Democrats' media pundits manipulate the sensitive egos of Bush's aides, it was obvious that people without a compass were heading for trouble. The combination of a President driven by the urge to make government work, aides manipulated by liberal praise of their non-ideological, non-strident approach to politics, and the deficit bogy was bound to produce a revival of the Democrats' political fortunes.

The tragedy is that it was all for nothing. The deficit will not be reduced, and Bush will go down in history as a liar even if the charge is a bum rap.

Strictly speaking, President Bush's statement aimed at reviving his budget negotiations with Congress did not break his no-new-taxes pledge. "Tax-revenue increases" can refer to the revenues that would be gained by cutting the capital-gains tax rate or to revenues from economic growth. However, vicious headlines and political cartoons have helped take this explanation away from the Administration. So has Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell, who participated in the drafting of the statement and who told the *Washington Post* that all the participants understood Bush's statement to be "new and significant." Senator Mitchell said: "Any attempts by White House officials or other Republicans to describe this statement otherwise are totally inconsistent with what occurred today and with what the statement itself says." White House Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater's denial that Bush has broken his no-new-taxes pledge is further undermined by stories reporting that Bush's senior advisors had convinced him that the economy's fate is tied to the deficit and that his political fate is tied to the economy and not to his campaign promise.

Slow Learners

IT IS extraordinary that ten years of budget struggles have taught those in the Bush Administration nothing and that they do not understand the Gramm–Rudman budget rules under which the government now operates. Under the Gramm–Rudman deficit-reduction law, revenue increases do not reduce the deficit. The Gramm–Rudman formula sets spending at a level equal to predicted tax revenues, plus the targeted deficit, plus $10 billion. If the forecast shows that this targeted deficit will not be met, an automatic sequester cuts spending. In the case at hand, the purpose of higher revenues is not to cut the deficit, but to *avoid a sequester that would cut spending.*

Previous budget deals have led to higher taxes, higher spending, and higher deficits. It is easy to understand why. Static revenue forecasts allow the government to over-predict the revenues that a tax increase will generate. This allows it to increase spending while still certifying that the deficit target will be reached. Of course, the target is not reached, but the law does not require that the target actually be reached, only that a forecast say it will be reached.

In its June 1990 report, "A Decade of Budget Summitry," the Tax Foundation reports that, "ironically, the fiscal years that were not preceded by budget summits actually resulted in the most real deficit reduction." For example, in 1984 the deficit was cut $23 billion by allowing spending to grow only half as much as revenues. In 1987 a near budget freeze knocked $71.5 billion off the budget. The easiest solution is another freeze. But this sane solution is too simple for Richard Darman, the hyperactive budget director, who is addicted to reading news

Mr. Roberts, who was assistant secretary of the treasury for economic policy in 1981–82, currently holds the William E. Simon chair at the Center for Strategic and International Studies.

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stories about his budgetary exploits.

Ten years of supply-side economics shoved the dreaded Phillips-curve trade-offs between economic growth and inflation out of the public-policy arena. Before the supply-side revolution, the government attempted to compensate for declining incentives to produce by hiking aggregate demand. We had to pay for gains in employment and economic growth with higher rates of inflation. Supply-side policy broke this cycle, and we have enjoyed a record expansion without any rise in the rate of inflation.

Now, however, the government's policies are working to revive stagflation. An economy slowing from a resurgence of regulation and an adverse legal climate is now to be hit with higher taxes. The Administration intends to compensate for the adverse effects on growth by having the Federal Reserve create more money. In other words, as incentives decline, more money will be printed—the policy mix of the 1970s, which is once again guaranteed to revive the Phillips curve and calls for price controls and an "incomes policy."

It bodes ill that on the same day the media claimed victory in the fight for new taxes, other news stories reported regulatory halts to offshore drilling, logging, and land development, as well as financial re-regulation.

Bush's repositioning on taxes will work against a sound budget deal. His credibility is hurt, and he has lost the political lever that was focusing deficit reduction on spending reduction. Congress can now devise a package more to its liking, and Bush will have to accept it or pile the failure of his political gamble on top of his flip-flop on taxes. With the expectation of more revenues, he can no longer tell the spending lobbies, "I'd like to help you, but can't because of the deficit." Indeed, politicians of both parties have lost the protection that the deficit provided against runaway spending.

The American Left has not forgiven supply-siders for reinvigorating capitalism by restoring personal incentives. The left wing wants income equality at all cost, and the *Wall Street Journal*'s house bolsheviks, Alan Murray and Jeffrey Birnbaum, instantly seized on Bush's three words to declare that "the first great economic and political debate of the 1990s is now under way: How should government redistribute the tax burden?" More progressively, they answer. "The great drawbridge has been let down by the President," declared Senator Wyche Fowler (D., Ga.). It is ironic that Reagan's successor, terrified by the ancient nemesis of the Republican Party—the budget deficit—has renewed the assault on economic liberty that the politics of opportunity had laid to rest. □

BUSH & TAXES: THE POLITICS

LOOSE LIPS

WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—It is Wednesday, six days before the tax issue will blow up in the President's face, and OMB Director Richard Darman walks into the budget summit meeting and presents his plan to reduce the deficit. In that meeting the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, Jim Sasser (D., Tenn.), makes no objection, but the next day he circulates an analysis to the press trashing the Darman plan. That same night there is a loud confrontation between Senator George Mitchell (D., Me.) and Representatives Thomas Foley (D., Wash.) and Richard Gephardt (D., Mo.). The reason for the clash is that the House Democrats want to ensure that a package comes out of the summit because they want the President holding their hand when they raise taxes; Senate Democrats are more cautious because they feel more vulnerable to anti-tax Republican challengers.

On Friday the summit is called off, ostensibly because of a conflict in meetings but really because the Democrats don't know what to do. On Monday, the planned meeting is again called off. The Senate Democrats are demanding an explicit promise on tax increases as the price of their continued participation in the talks, and in the White House Darman and Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady are arguing that something has to be done about the deficit. The next day the President has breakfast with Senator Mitchell, Speaker Foley, and the Republican leaders of the House and Senate, Bob Michel (Ill.) and Robert Dole (Kan.). Two hours later the President issues a three-paragraph press release saying "it is clear" that the size of the deficit requires a package including "tax-revenue increases."

Then all hell broke loose.

"I think they thought they were being clever," says Minority Whip Newt Gingrich, pointing out that the President said nothing about tax *rates*. "But if you read the President's statement this is nothing more than what he has said all along."

Republican Wrath

THIS DOESN'T square too well with the President's later comments, themselves self-contradictory, in which he awkwardly insisted that this *was* something new, but that he hadn't broken his pledge. In Beltway opinion as it has crystalized, this is "leadership." Most Republicans, however, don't see it that way. Representative Vin Weber (R., Minn.) says that "clearly the Democrats were led to believe that there was something new here"; Deputy Whip Bob Walker (Pa.) circulated a letter among his House colleagues for their signatures telling the President they were "stunned" by his statement; and at the Republican Senatorial Committee a staffer said simply, "We're screwed." The *Washington Post* summed it all up in a front-page, banner headline: "Bush Abandons Campaign Pledge, Calls for New Taxes."

Now it's true that the actual wording—"tax-revenue increases"—by itself is ambiguous. But the words come within the context of an Administration that harbors a great deal of pro-tax sentiment. Indeed, the reason the Administration finds itself in this predicament is that Darman is whipping

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up what the Heritage Foundation's Dan Mitchell calls "deficit hysteria." In January the Administration was projecting a deficit of $100.5 billion for 1991, but Darman now says that the real figure is closer to $159 billion, and along with Treasury Secretary Brady he has been arguing that failure to move on the deficit will spook financial markets and throw the country into recession. Then, too, far from reassuring people on taxes a host of "senior Republican officials" have turned up in the newspapers saying that it's more important to do some-

GEORGE BUSH, READ YOUR POLLS

IN THE mid 1970s, Republicans began to develop a significant advantage over Democrats, an advantage that has contributed to a change in the relative standing of the two parties. In 1980, according to CBS/*New York Times* polls, only 34 per cent of Americans identified themselves as Republicans; 53 per cent identified themselves as Democrats. Today the parties are at virtual parity (44 per cent Republicans, 45 per cent Democrats). Why? The evidence suggests that Republicans are closer than Democrats to the public's view of the appropriate size of government.

Americans believe that because we are a rich and powerful country, our government should do many things. We also believe that big government is wasteful, inefficient, and expensive. A May 17–21 poll for the *Washington Post* reflects both beliefs. When asked how much of each dollar collected in tax revenues is wasted, Americans responded that nearly half—46 cents—is ill spent. Meanwhile, the same poll showed that a solid majority of us wanted to spend more on the homeless. We hold both views about government at the same time, and we are pulled back and forth between them depending on economic conditions. But arguing for a more affirmative role for government doesn't necessarily mean spending more money, creating new programs, or raising taxes.

As a general proposition, Americans don't want to raise taxes to reduce the federal deficit. Only very few—3 per cent at last count—regard the deficit as the nation's "top problem," and only about one-third support a tax increase to reduce it. We regard a general tax increase as a way to feed big government's voracious appetite. When the question is phrased in such a way as to indicate that *some* taxes (someone else's perhaps?) would be raised to pay for the deficit (as both NBC News and *Washington Post* polls did in May), 45 to 49 per cent of us indicate support for an increase. Even then, however, a bare majority opposes it. In short, there is much polling evidence to indicate that government is about as big as we want it to be.

So how will a tax increase affect George Bush? One way of finding out is to ask people directly. Seven out of ten Americans in a May poll for NBC News/*Wall Street Journal* said their judgment of George Bush would not be affected by a tax increase. Of the remainder, more said their opinion would go down than said it would go up. But another way of estimating the political consequences is indicated by a Gallup question first asked in 1988. Respondents were asked whether George Bush could accomplish ten different things during his Presidency. In November 1988, only 24 per cent said he could "avoid raising taxes." By February 1990, 54 per cent said he could. This thirty-percentage-point increase was the largest in the poll, and that changing sentiment may have contributed to Bush's high and sustained approval rating. We should not mistake the widespread belief (now seemingly confirmed) that Bush *will* raise taxes for acceptance of his doing so, but we simply don't know what the long-term effects of his diminished credibility might be.

BUT WHAT of Congress? The kind of unfocused dissatisfaction that Americans have with Congress could perhaps be ignited by a tax increase, but it is hard to see many congressmen being derailed by it alone. (As political scientist Everett Ladd points out, 370 of them were elected in 1988 by a margin of more than twenty percentage points, 242 by more than forty.) For Senate candidates, particularly challengers, the risks are higher because their visibility is greater.

One result of a tax increase will be a further erosion of trust in Washington's leadership. According to a May 1990 Gallup poll, Americans have a fairly clear idea of what is going to happen in the attempt to reduce the deficit: "The government will raise taxes and will be unable to reduce its own spending." Fifty-eight per cent said it was likely that taxes would be raised. Only 9 per cent felt that the government would be able to reduce spending.

The most serious consequences, however, are for the Republican Party and for the gains it has made in the last ten years. In a March poll for *Time* by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman, 56 per cent of Americans agreed that "Democrats are too quick to raise taxes." What was striking about that poll was that a plurality of Democrats (45 per cent) agreed. The Republicans, by contrast, had a more frugal image. Back in 1980, in polling by the Wirthlin Group, the Republicans enjoyed a 56-percentage-point margin over the Democrats as the party best able to control government spending (72 per cent to 16 per cent). By April 1990, that margin had been reduced to a mere eight points: 46 per cent to 38 per cent. That drop is, among other things, a signal that the significant advantage Republicans have enjoyed may be weakening.

That advantage—the widely held perception that the GOP is best able to keep the size of government about where it is—is a strong ingredient in its appeal. A tax increase might not have dire short-term consequences for George Bush or GOP congressmen, but it could do significant long-term damage to the Republican Party. Hence, perhaps, the restrained glee of the Democratic leadership as it emerged from the White House with the President's marker in its vest pocket. —KARLYN KEENE

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thing about the deficit than to keep a campaign promise that the American people didn't believe Bush could keep in the first place. To top it all off, at the crucial breakfast meeting just before the President's bombshell announcement, the sole Republican leaders giving him advice were Bob Dole and Bob Michel—the two most pro-tax Republicans in Congress.

Deficit Fallacies

ALL THIS movement rests, of course, on the shaky assumptions that a) the deficit really is out of control and b) the Democrats are serious about reducing it. "Even under the worst-case scenario of a $160-billion deficit in 1991, this would be only 2.5 per cent to 2.75 per cent of the GNP, the lowest level since 1981 and perhaps 1979," says Mitchell, author of a just-released memorandum containing the most scathing criticism of the Bush Administration made by Heritage to date. As for the Democrats, the day after Bush released that bipartisan commitment to cutting spending and moving toward budget reform, Dan Rostenkowski (D., Ill.), chairman of the House Appropriations Committee and a summit participant, helped push through the Human Resources subcommittee a bill that would create one new entitlement and expand two others, at a cost of $6.8 billion over the next five years, according to OMB.

The bigger problem Bush has, however, is within his own party. The Democrats want to make sure that Bush delivers a Republican majority in Congress in favor of any tax increase, so that it can't be used against them in campaigns; Speaker Foley, for example, has groused that the Americans for Tax Reform no-new-tax pledge, taken by 102 Republicans in the House and 17 in the Senate, is being used against Democrats. In addition, Representative Dick Armey (R., Tex.) has a similar resolution before the Republican conference, not to mention the Walker letter in the House and a similar one making the rounds in the Senate. All this presents a huge obstacle to any promise to deliver a Republican majority for any summit deal. Gingrich says his own support for any package is not automatic—and that Bush will not press ahead without the Republicans behind him. "Do you think it's likely that a Republican President is going to sign a Democratic tax increase and take on his own party three months before an election?"

Even if the answer is no, the damage may be irreparable. In the public mind Bush has already reneged on his pledge, in spirit if not in fact, and jokes about his promises will provide grist for the Johnny Carson circuit for a long time to come. (By the second day, telephone calls to the White House were running twenty to one against a tax hike. Anyway I like to think that was the reason John Sununu failed to return my calls.) For in politics words often speak louder than actions, and with one scratch of the pen George Bush has made it appear that the major theme of the Republican Party this last decade owed more to expediency than to principle. And his failure to correct that impression has him floundering like Jim Courter rather than leading like Ronald Reagan.

"This is not a tax issue, it's a credibility issue," says one White House official. "The question before the American people is whether the elections of 1980, 1984, 1988 were won on principle or were, as the Democrats have insisted, stolen through fraud." □

AT THE BARRICADES

REIGNING CATS AND DOGS

JANE HUGHES

THE JOB OF an animal-rights activist used to be an easy one: Single out a lab that conducted bio-medical research using animals (preferably cats, dogs, or monkeys); get a few hundred like-minded souls to demonstrate outside the lab; and, by that means, make life very uncomfortable for the scientists working inside. The most famous case involved Cornell Medical College in New York City, which forfeited a $530,000 research grant in the fall of 1988 under pressure from Trans-Species, an East Coast activist group.

Last summer, Procter & Gamble got the idea of forming a coalition of corporations affected by the animal-rights issue. It sent out invitations to some ten other corporations that depend upon FDA approval for their goods (ranging from drugs to consumer products), and that therefore use animals in testing. However, a copy of the proposal was leaked to PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals), the big kahuna of U.S. animal-rights groups. On the day of the proposed meeting, activists called the companies' head offices to inquire if they were going to support the new organization. PETA's intimidation was effective; the coalition was never formed.

Most pharmaceutical companies prefer to do battle with animal-rights groups through industry organizations such as the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association. But even the PMA keeps a low profile on this issue. It has a prepared statement on the use of animals in product testing which it will distribute—but only upon request.

Hardly a neophyte in Washington politics, the pharmaceutical industry is stunned by the way the animal-rights lobby has gained the inside track. The current animal-rights legislation, the Animal Welfare Act (first passed in 1966, and most recently amended in 1985), requires the Secretary of Agriculture to promulgate new standards for animal care and treatment. The 1985 amendment was passed when Senator Dole (R., Kan.), then Majority Leader, attached it as a rider to that year's farm bill. There is a strong feeling among those who follow animal rights in D.C. that Dole's

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friendship with Christine Stevens, animal-rights activist, wife of Roger Stevens (former head of the Kennedy Center), and fellow Watergate resident, influenced the course of this legislation.

There is also speculation that a visit by either Christine Stevens or her colleague, former Senator John "Doc" Melcher (a Montana veterinarian), to White House counsel C. Boyden Gray caused the demise of HR-3270, the Farm Animal and Research Facilities Protection Act of 1989, sponsored by Representative Charles Stenholm (D., Tex.), which would have made it a federal offense to break into such facilities. Louis Sullivan, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, was prepared to testify in strong support of the bill. But suddenly the Justice Department announced the Administration did not support the bill, and Dr. Sullivan never testified.

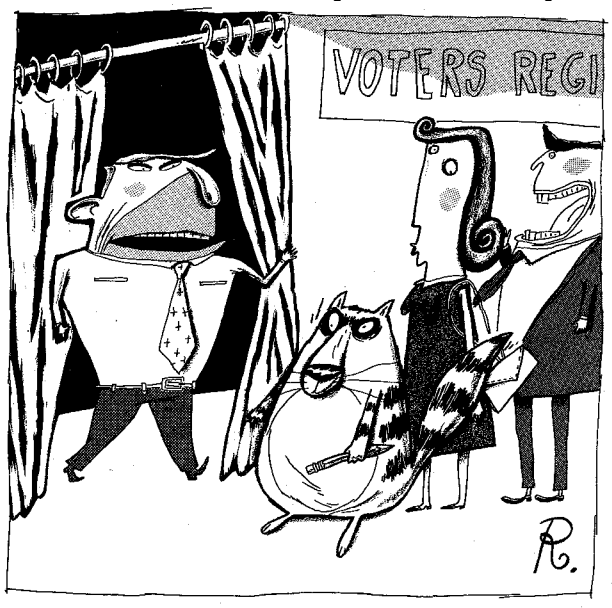
No-Win Game

POLITICALLY, opposing the animal-rights activists is a no-win proposition. Most Americans support the use of animals in medical research, but there is no political mileage in such a position. It's safer for a lawmaker just to sit quietly than to risk a deluge of mail.

There may, however, be some relief in sight on Capitol Hill with the formation of the Animal Welfare Caucus. Under the leadership of Congressman Vin Weber (R., Minn.), the caucus will serve as a clearinghouse for information on issues affecting animal welfare and the activities of extreme animal-rights groups. Other members of the caucus include Stenholm and Joseph Early (D., Mass.).

There is also the Foundation for Bio-Medical Research (FBR), a non-profit education group, led by the articulate and polished Frankie Trull. FBR was quick to recognize the emotional impact of the animal-rights movement, and has tried to counteract it with emotional appeals of its own. FBR posters include, for example, "Demonstrators," which features an angry crowd protesting against animal research, with a caption that reads, "Thanks to animal research, they'll be able to protest 20.8 years longer. According to the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, animal research has helped extend our life expectancy by 20.8 years. Of course, how you choose to spend those extra years is up to you." Even more effective is "Little Girl," which shows a child lying in a hospital bed surrounded by stuffed animals. The caption reads, "It's the animals you don't see that really helped her recover. Recently a surgical technique perfected on animals was used to remove a malignant tumor from the little girl's brain. We lost some laboratory animals, but look what we saved."

The father of the response to the animal-rights movement is Dr. Frederick Goodwin, currently the administrator of ADAMHA (the Alcohol, Drug Abuse, and Mental Health Administration within the Department of Health and Human Services). "The response of the research and academic community up until recently has been woefully inadequate," Dr. Goodwin says. "We missed many opportunities when we were celebrating the successes of bio-medical research. It was tacitly decided to downplay the use of animals in research in the hopes that we could avoid controversy and it would somehow go away." Instead, the animal-rights activists gained the upper hand, at least in the public-relations arena, and researchers, in attempting to seek out the moderates in the movement and mollify them, looked "apologetic."



In order to reverse that impression, the Public Health Service (another branch of HHS) has developed a plan to publicize the use of animals as an important component of bio-medical research at every opportunity. It has developed a series of programs to provide incentives, in the form of grants, for scientists to spend more time and effort educating the public about research—particularly about the use of animals in research. Another set of programs, still on the drawing-board, will involve direct funding of informational programs at the high-school and grade-school levels.

Perhaps the most innovative policy change, so far adopted solely by ADAMHA, involves the funding of university research. If a university returns grant money because of pressures exerted by animal-rights activists (as in the Cornell case), ADAMHA will re-evaluate the entire university's grant portfolio to see whether or not the university is still competent to manage federal funds. A harsh policy but, as Goodwin points out, "we must get all types of assurances from the university regarding their funding practices, accounting practices, and affirmative-action programs. To question whether or not this is the type of institution that is conducting business the way the Federal Government feels is appropriate for the taxpayers' money is simply adding another item to a long list of things that universities already have to do to qualify for funds." In addition, an individual researcher's ability to disseminate the results of his research, including a willingness to acknowledge the use of animals, increasingly influences grant decisions.

Fighting Back

IN SEPTEMBER 1989, Yale University was the victim of an animal-rights protest. Instead of ignoring the activists, as in the past, the medical school held its own press conference, which featured scientists explaining the drug-addiction studies that so upset the activists. In addition, Yale medical students organized their own spontaneous counterdemonstration.

The fact that researchers even need to launch a public-relations campaign is somewhat surprising. In a comprehensive survey conducted by Mellman & Lazarus in 1989, 72 per cent of the respondents favored the use of ani-

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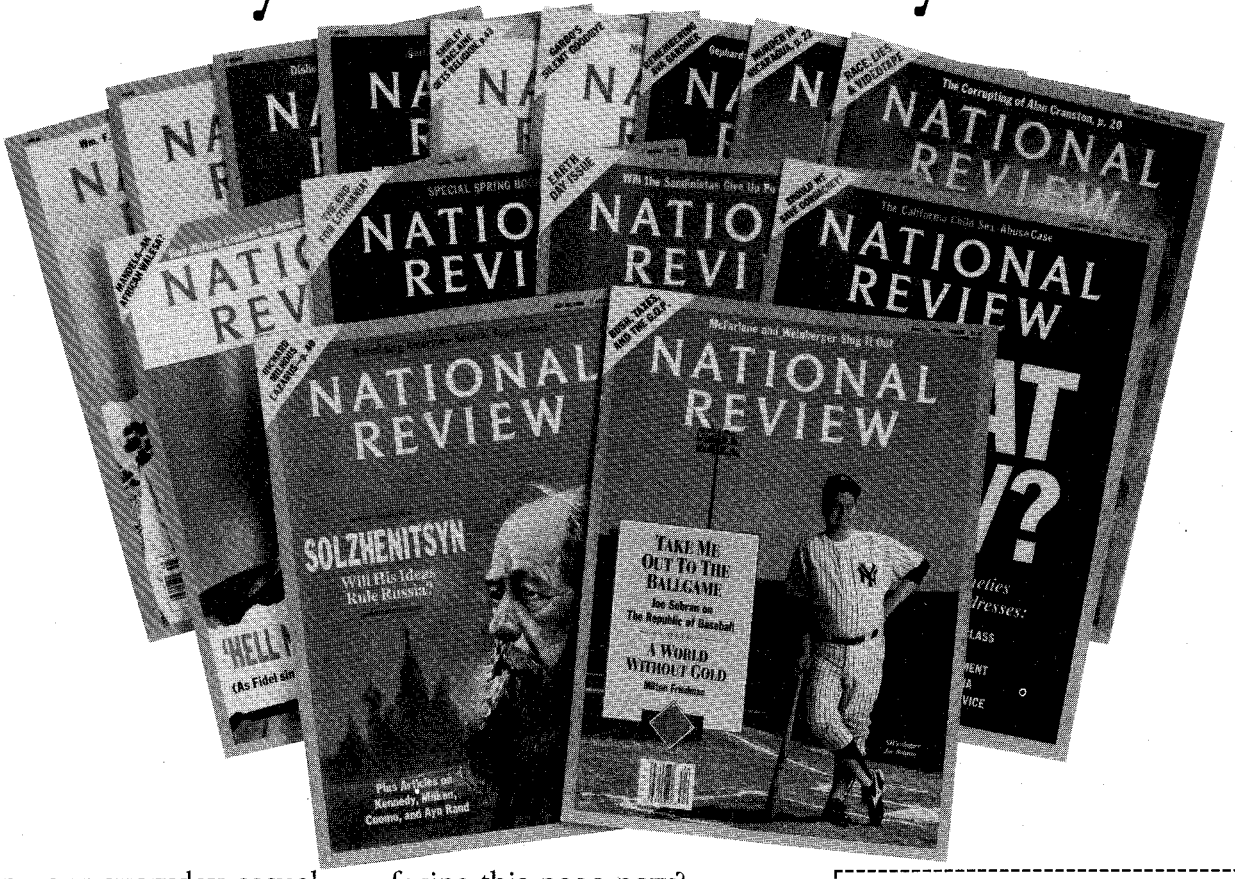
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mals in medical research. Why then is the animal-rights movement so successful?

A twenty-year gap in scientific and moral education, combined with a nostalgia for the Sixties, has produced a generation of activists who understand neither the scientific method nor their place in the universe. Their moral tools come not from Judaeo-Christian theology, but from the school of moral relativism.

The ironic twist is that taking a stance on a legitimate moral question—is the use of animals in medical research justifiable?—is a profoundly human activity. Humans are moral creatures; we worry about doing the right thing. And in this most human of activities, the activists have tried to blur the admittedly fine line between humans and the rest of the animal kingdom by attributing to animals the same moral status that humans have. It is an impossible feat. Dogs lack certain capacities necessary for moral reasoning—empathy and sympathy, just to name two. This alone is not sufficient justification for use of animals in medical research, but it does draw a distinction between humans and the rest of the animal kingdom, a distinction that allows more value to be placed upon human life. This is not just an issue of private morality. The absence of animals in medical research would result in an increased incidence of disease and a higher mortality rate—and not just for those who support animal rights, but for humanity at large.

Animal rights form only a single plank in a larger platform of the anti-science movement, a post-Hiroshima mindset taking its cue from a pre-Enlightenment view of progress. Enlightenment philosophers and scientists established the idea that mere mortals have the power to improve the human condition; they were the original progressives. That animal-rights activists should call themselves "progressives" with an "enlightened" outlook on morality, when their policies would only increase human suffering, is a brutal shift of terms.

Even so, halting medical advances is not the only threat the animal-rights activists bring. They can be more directly dangerous. Consider the case of little John Cupper. On June 10 of this year, while his father pushed him in his stroller to visit his mother in a Bristol, England, hospital, a bomb, which had been placed on the underside of an animal researcher's car, went off. While the 13-month-old child was undergoing surgery to repair the damage caused by the blast, an animal-rights activist group took responsibility for the act.

It is reassuring that the research community is no longer sticking its head in the sand when the animal-rights activists come around. However, the future will still be difficult for researchers, given that it is not a different set of goals but a different set of values that separates the animal-rights activists from the researchers—and the general public. □

WORLD CUP UPDATE

PUCCINI SCORES

FRANK JOHNSON

LONDON—We realize here that one of the points on which Americans differ from the rest of the human race is that they are not interested in the World Cup. This will make the next World Cup, in four years' time, the oddest in the competition's history. It is to be held in the United States. But one of the similarities between you and the rest of us is that we all like a good tune. And on BBC television a good tune has dominated the World Cup.

Italy is the venue for the World Cup at present raging. The British Broadcasting Corporation, as a sort of warning signal at the beginning and end of all matches, has broadcast a recording by perhaps the greatest living Italian, Pavarotti, of the aria "*Nessun Dorma*" ("Let No One Sleep") from Puccini's opera *Turandot*. The effect on the British public has been devastating. People who have never before bought a "classical" disc are flocking to record shops, asking for such works as "Nessie Duma" or just "The Official World Cup Song."

The version chosen by the BBC is from the complete *Turandot* which Pavarotti recorded 18 years ago with Joan Sutherland. His record company has put it out as a single and it has reached number two in the hit parade—needless to say, the first operatic recording to achieve that distinction. But plenty of people are leaving those record shops with the complete recording, or with a recital disc in which the aria is one of many. Gossip says that Pavarotti's rival, Domingo, is "furious." His record company is publicizing *his* three versions.

It may be surprising that the BBC should have chosen "*Nessun Dorma*" to advertise soccer. But the public's response is not. I would make big claims for "*Nessun Dorma*." I believe it to be the last great tune ever written. Moreover, its emergence into the world in 1926 ended a phase of musical history that had lasted for two hundred years and started another—although no one realized it at the time.

Last in Its Line

CLAIMING "*Nessun Dorma*" as the last great tune is not to deny quality to much of what came later: "Lili Marlene" (1939), say, or Cole Porter's "Night and Day" (1932), or Edith Piaf's "*La Vie en Rose*" (1946). They, and plenty more, are good tunes—beautiful, even. But they are not great. They do not move and stir in the way that "*Nessun Dorma*" does. They would not propel the masses toward the sort of record shops in which they had not previously set foot.

To achieve that, a great operatic composer is needed. More specifically, an operatic composer from the line that stretches from Handel through Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi to Puccini. Some of those composers were far greater than the others. No one suggests that Puccini was the equal of Mozart. But they all had one thing in common. They could

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write tunes that appealed to a vast number of people in the way that "*Nessun Dorma*" does.

Puccini was the last one who was given an opportunity to do it, and "*Nessun Dorma*" was the last time he did so. The aria comes at the start of *Turandot*'s last act. The cruel Chinese princess Turandot has issued an order to all the city: because the hitherto-unknown name of a certain prince must be discovered by daybreak, no one may sleep. In a moonlit garden, the prince hears the offstage populace's repeated cry of "*Nessun dorma!*" He takes up the phrase, and spins the melody with which Pavarotti seems to have entranced the British soccer-watching public.

The aria ends with a sustained top B—Puccini's score does not specify that it be sustained but tenors rightly think it is expected of them—on the word "*Vincero!*" ("I shall win!"). The prince is confident that at daybreak his name will remain unknown. After that aria, Puccini wrote about half-an-hour's more music for *Turandot*. Then, at Brussels, on November 29, 1924, he died of cancer, aged 66, with the opera unfinished.

It was completed, with the help of Puccini's sketches, by his pupil Alfano. But at the premiere at La Scala, Milan, on April 25, 1926, the performance ended on the last note which Puccini committed to the score. The conductor, Toscanini, then turned and addressed the audience. Accounts differ as to his exact words. According to one report they were: "Here, at this point, Giacomo Puccini broke off his work. Death on this occasion was stronger than art." Another report has him saying: "At this point, the maestro laid down his pen."

Music of the Sphere

BUT NO ONE in the audience could have realized the full significance of that moment. It was more than the end of Puccini. It was the end of popular opera. *Turandot* is the only opera written these last 65 years with so much as a single phrase which any television executive would risk as the signature tune for the World Cup.

Puccini's contemporary Richard Strauss (1864–1949) had entered the popular repertory with *Der Rosenkavalier*. But that was in 1911. As an example of popular melody, Straussians would offer his *Arabella* (1933), or perhaps just a couple of duets in it. But even they would not expect anything in *Arabella* to compete for the crowds with "*Nessun Dorma*." Britten's *Peter Grimes* (1945) has a foothold—which I suspect is slipping—in the popular repertory. But I cannot think of any passages in that work which even its most tenacious admirers would put in for the World Cup.

Shannon Jeffries

Is it all because operatic composers cannot write great tunes any more? Before 1926 they had written them for centuries, and there is no reason to suppose they suddenly lost the talent. Instead, that talent gradually became unwanted. In the 1920s, opera houses—like other cultural institutions—steadily fell to modernism. In order to stay alive, they still needed the old operas. But modernism dictated that they should be no longer encouraged. Admittedly, a work such as *Peter Grimes* is not modernist, or would not be regarded as such by the modernists. But it shares modernism's unwillingness to indulge in the long-breathed, formal melody for the voice.

History suggests that such melodies, to be great, can only be written by operatic composers—or by songwriters of the standing of a Schubert. Composers of musicals, ballads, and pop songs, however good, can never quite do it. Some optimists say that, with the late Eighties' rout of modernism in most of the arts, and the rise of "post-modernism," opera composers will work the spell once more. Until then, great melody continues the long sleep begun after "*Nessun Dorma*." □

SEMI-HEROICS

MANDELA PLAIN

SIMON BARBER

THE ENCOMIA heaped on ANC Deputy President Nelson Mandela as he toured the U.S. last month were beyond extravagant. "Moral leader of the world"—as he was hailed at New York's Riverside Church—is the sort of title once accorded Stalin and Ceausescu. In this instance, fortunately, it had more to do with the idolators than the idol. Behind the fog of adulation lay, without question, an extraordinary man.

Mr. Barber is the Washington correspondent for the Johannesburg newspaper Business Day.

Heaven knows, for a 71-year-old who has spent the best years of his life behind bars, he is durable. His schedule during his ten days here resembled that of Michael Dukakis during the last desperate weeks of the 1988 presidential campaign. Few American politicians can match Mandela's *hauteur* or his ability to speak substantively and articulately without notes or prepared text. That visiting dignitary is rarer still who can calmly tell the leader of the free world, to his face on the White House lawn, that he has been improperly briefed.

What must still be teased out is

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whether Mandela is a genuine democrat or, like so many leaders of liberation movements who have come here before him, the beguiling salesman of one-party tyranny. Does he mean to transcend and redirect the intolerant instincts of an organization whose members murder dissenters? Or is he merely exploiting the uncritical reverence of his foreign worshippers to strengthen the organization's hand in pursuit of sole power? South African State President Frederik W. de Klerk wants to believe the former. He is banking on the notion that Mandela is what the French in Algeria called an *interlocuteur valable*, basically a well-intentioned moderate with strong enough credentials across the political spectrum to forge a compromise. Is Mandela such a man?

"I'd like to thank my very good friends Yasir Arafat, Muammar el-Qaddafi, Fidel Castro . . ."

His ten-day triumphal progress from New York to Oakland did little to settle the question. By and large, his interviewers during this period were specially selected by his handlers not to ask it. The media, many of whose members tended to applaud Mandela at press conferences, were not at their most enquiring. Nor were the business leaders who joined him for breakfast at New York's World Trade Center at the invitation of diamond dealer Maurice Tempelsman.

It was therefore left to President George Bush and his Secretary of State, James Baker, to conduct the cross-examination. To their credit, they pulled no punches during the four hours they spent with the ANC delegation on June 25, least of all on the ANC's refusal to renounce the "armed struggle." They are said to have found Mandela "arrogant," "dogmatic," and "too liberation-struggle-minded." Certainly, by the time it was over, they were not of a mind to grant the ANC the prerogative of directing U.S. policy, as Mandela, with what can only be described as bare-faced effrontery, had requested during the White House welcoming ceremony. Bush made the point forcefully two days later by telephoning de Klerk to give him a full account of the meetings and to reissue, with some urgency, his invitation to the South African leader to visit Washington. Bush said he was embarrassed that de Klerk had had to cancel his original plan to stop by the White House on June 18 because of protest threats.

If Mandela achieved anything in his talks with the Administration, it was to convince the President and his top advisors that Assistant Secretary of State for Africa Herman Cohen had been way off base when he told a CIA-sponsored seminar several weeks earlier that U.S. policy would now "tilt" toward the ANC. It is now a safe bet that if and when de Klerk fulfills enough of the Comprehensive Anti-Apartheid Act's conditions, Bush will take the opportunity to reward Pretoria by recommending the rollback of sanctions. All he will need is a majority in one chamber of Congress for his decision to be upheld. With moderate Democrats like Intelligence Committee Chairman David Boren and Sam Nunn of Armed Services on his side, the Senate is likely to oblige.

This was the first time during his visit that Mandela had been confronted with the real makers of U.S. policy. The discovery that they were not prepared to fawn over him—unlike Governor Mario Cuomo and Mayor David Dinkins in New York, as well as most other elected officials who lined his way with hosannas—appears to have had an effect. He could have gone whining to the Congressional Black Caucus and the rest of the sanctions lobby, but he did not. Instead, he wanted it thought that his talks with the President had gone well. And while he gave not an inch on violence, arguing before a joint session of Congress that Washington and Lincoln had used force, he also began to interweave words like "multiparty democracy" into his statements and to vow that the ANC did not intend to force its socialist "basic documents . . . down the throats" of his people.

It would be nice to think that for all his praise of "Brother" Colonel Qaddafi, Fidel Castro, Yasir Arafat—even, on one occasion, Erich Honecker—Mandela had finally hauled aboard the notions that the ANC's old friends and their ideologies were now irrelevant, that Western democracy as embodied in the U.S. was the only game on the planet, and that he would henceforth have to play by its rules if he wanted its help. There were occasions when he seemed to recognize this, most notably during his speech to Congress when he effectively threw away the ANC's demand for a constituent assembly, stacked heavily in its favor, that would supplant the existing government before a new constitution had been drafted. Baker had pressed him particularly hard on this issue and he appeared to bend.

And yet, for all his more comfortable words and seeming flexibility on economic models and other critical questions, Mandela never abandoned his contention that the ANC is, and must remain, the predominant force in writing South Africa's new history. And try as he might to argue otherwise, the one thing the ANC is not is "a parliament of the black people" comprising many different viewpoints.

The ANC, all but eight of whose National Executive are members of the South African Communist Party, ac-

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cording to the usually sympathetic newsletter *Africa Confidential*, has spent the better part of three decades trying to expunge all rival power bases. The late Steve Biko's Black Consciousness Movement was systematically crushed after his death in 1977. Many of its members were packed off into gulags dotted across southern Africa from Angola to Tanzania. BCM's successor organization, Azapo, and its more militant cousin, the Pan-Africanist Congress, continue to come under attack in the townships on a regular, though generally ignored, basis. The bloodshed in Natal, which has claimed up to four thousand lives this year alone, is at root a civil war between the ANC and Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi's anti-sanctions, market-oriented Inkatha movement, a war started by the ANC early in the last decade. Dissidents within the ANC's own ranks live in fear of their lives. One, a former gulag inmate, was machine-gunned to death shortly before Mandela arrived in the United States. Even ANC sympathizers harbor doubts about the organization's commitment to democratic principle.

In the course of a televised forum at the Council on Foreign Relations, Midge Decter gave Mandela the chance to answer such charges. "History has taught us," she said, "that there is no transition more difficult than that from a revolutionary force to a governing party. What are your ideas about the means and mechanisms for ensuring individual personal liberty to those, black and white, who are opposed and will be opposed to your policies?"

He answered by brusquely dismissing the history lesson. "We expect no difficulties" in achieving the transition from revolutionaries to rulers. The meat of the question he ignored. As well he might. On July 2, the ANC launched a series of nationwide strikes and demonstrations to oblige the government to finish the job of eradicating Buthelezi as a political force. □

SOUTH AFRICA'S UNCLE JOE

AMERICANS may be wondering who is the benign-looking white gentleman who has hovered near Nelson Mandela at various mass rallies in Africa. He is none other than Joe Slovo, the leader of the South African Communist Party (SACP).

Slovo is one of the last true believers in the Marxist cause. His party's most recent manifesto, drafted in 1989, offers up a world view in which the historic changes sweeping the Communist world figure not at all.

Indeed, the SACP appears to be living in a time warp. References to the "world socialist system" as a "powerful international force," and an economic program centered on broad-scale nationalization and a Stalinist agricultural system, might suggest that the SACP should be regarded as at best a marginal force, of no more significance than the enfeebled Communist parties of Western Europe.

Yet despite the archaic language and dogged adherence to discredited ideas, the SACP today ranks as one of South Africa's most formidable political forces. This is due to the Communists' close, even organic, relationship to the African National Congress. This is not simply a case of Communists gaining a modest level of entry into the ranks of a much larger, ideologically diffuse movement. SACP cadres honeycomb the top leadership of the ANC (reliable South African sources estimate that 25 of the 33 members of the ANC governing council at the time of Mandela's release were Communist Party members) as well as the trade unions and other mass organizations controlled by the ANC.

Now, however, the SACP finds itself in a new and potentially quite complex situation. Having been granted legal status, the ANC is under intense pressure to clarify its positions on such key issues as the use of violence, the economic rights of whites, and its own foreign-policy orientation. This pressure is being exerted both from within South Africa and from Western countries, including the United States, whose influence on the course of South African events has grown as the Soviet Union's has dwindled.

Joe Slovo has responded with a lengthy paper setting forth his Party's attitude toward the abrupt changes in the global scene.

The tone of Slovo's analysis is far different from the craven mea culpas of Eastern European Communists. Thus he unashamedly refers to the "nobility of socialism's basic objectives" and to the socialist world's pivotal role in ushering in "an unprecedented era of peace and civilized international relations."

There is, however, no getting around it: socialism "stands in tatters," and the reason is Stalinism and Stalinism alone. Yet, to acknowledge the evils of Stalin, Slovo admonishes, should not blind the world to the magnificent achievements of the early titans of the movement—Marx and, in particular, Lenin—and to the accomplishments of Mikhail Gorbachev.

Slovo is also distressed by the Communist world's "unilateral disarmament" in the ideological field and by the fact that many intellectuals and journalists in "socialist societies" seem "mesmerized by pure technocracy, the glitter of Western consumerism, and the quality of up-market goods." In a moment of rare candor, he admits that under socialism the "middle strata . . . are inevitably worse off than their counterparts in the West," because of socialism's need to "use its surplus to achieve a more just distribution of wealth."

Joe Slovo now says he is a confirmed democrat. Genuine socialism, he insists, requires multi-party elections and a policy of independence from party control for trade unions and other mass institutions. Note, however, that he also gives a murky *endorsement to the concept of the* dictatorship of the proletariat (Lenin's version, to be sure, and not the Stalinist perversion). Under this regime, "power would be exercised in the interests of the overwhelming majority of the people and should lead to an ever-expanding genuine democracy." South Africans should be on their guard against converts to democracy who still believe that V. I. Lenin was the greatest democrat of them all. —ARCH PUDDINGTON

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The New Treason of the Clerks

RICHARD GRENIER

IN 1925 Julien Benda wrote a startling book, *La Trahison des Clercs* (*The Treason of the Clerks*), which still reverberates a warning to the French intellectual class of the treachery of abandoning its role as custodian of learning and culture; of the cost of placing its gifts at the service of a political movement—particularly one which might destroy the very values the intellectuals are supposed to defend. Benda used the word "clerk" in the medieval sense to mean the educated class.

Benda's entreaty is diametrically opposed to the course recently urged on America's educated class by Czechoslovakia's playwright-president Vaclav Havel in his address to the U.S. Congress. An up-to-date intellectual and man of the utopian Left, Havel besought American intellectuals to overcome what he mysteriously perceived as their "distaste" for politics, and anxiously pleaded with them to become politically engaged, to join in the struggle to attain the "family of man." In an early part of his speech he said he knew that perfect democracy was as unreachable as the horizon (a practical man), but a few sentences later affirmed that the great advantage America had over Czechoslovakia was that it had had more than two hundred years to "approach" this horizon (a confused man).

What Mr. Havel seems not to realize is that the American intellectual class—ignoring Benda's warning—has already thrown itself into the political battle. He might have had a glimmering suspicion of this when he met activist actor Ron Silver at a special gathering of intellectuals at New York's counterculture playground, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Speaking for all dissidents, Silver told Havel, who spent five years in Communist prisons, that in America *we understand* what Czechoslovakia suffered under Communism, since we too have "nothing like full freedom." Although citizens of the world's freest country, enjoying liberties almost without precedent, Mr. Silver and many other American artists and intellectuals actually imagine that they, to a degree, are also oppressed. In fervor, scope, conformism, and perverseness, they exceed anything seen today in the intellectual classes of Europe.

Not that Europe's record is good. Although Benda's fundamental concept was seared into the French national consciousness, to be dragged out and quoted selectively whenever the country's educated class went off the deep end about one thing or another, it didn't prevent French intellectuals from swinging over heavily to Marxism (even Soviet Marxism) some years after the book's publication—a slip in judgment from which they have now largely recovered. And in truth, *The Treason of the Clerks* is a muddled book, as was pointed out by the more lucid French polemicist Raymond Aron. In his warning to France's educated class, *L'Opium des Intellectuels* (1955), Aron wrote that Marxism is the opium of the intellectuals. (In time, Benda himself joined the French Communist Party, an act he apparently did not think treasonous.)

As a student and then a journalist in France I would carefully tell my schoolmates and colleagues that America was not an ideological country, or—quoting historian Richard Hofstadter—that in America a common ideology is so widely shared as not to be perceived as such. I think that this remained true of the United States through the 1950s and early 1960s, and that this lack of ideological awareness helps to explain what happened subsequently when imported ideologies, particularly radical utopianism, infected an America with no historical immune system.

Obviously, I do not think Frenchmen more intelligent than Americans. I do not think they are better educated, more cultivated, or more rational (which is what they think). But because France has been the dominant continental European power for hundreds of years, and has created most of the modern world's political lexicon—from "Left" and "Right" to "coup d'état" and "détente"—political distinctions are far clearer there. When General de Gaulle proclaimed that "the Communists aren't to the Left, nor to the Right; they're to the East"—meaning their allegiance was to Moscow—few Frenchmen quarreled with him. In France, in political matters, they call a spade a spade.

IN PARIS I met my first American Communists, mostly blacklisted screenwriters and movie directors (including Jules Dassin of *Never on Sunday*), and they were usually quite forthright about their Stalinist sympathies. From my own experience, and from subsequent study, it became clear to me that virtually all the targets of the House Un-American Activities Committee and of Senator Joseph McCarthy, abused though they may have been, *actually were Communists*. These days, when I meet an American liberal who tells me his father lost a teaching job because of McCarthyite persecution, I think (without euphemisms, French style) that his father probably was a Commu-

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nist. However, so eminent a figure as Charles Krauthammer tells me I must not speak of such things, or indeed commit such disreputable language to print, so unsavory is McCarthy's reputation. Mr. Krauthammer goodheartedly recommends using the more scholarly word "Leninist," which, although it may prevent the man in the street from knowing what I'm talking about, will protect me from being beaten about the head and shoulders by America's intellectual class.

NOW THE LATEST figures out of the Soviet Union itself are that Josef Stalin—whose policies and even methods my blacklisted Hollywood friends championed fervidly—sent more than sixty million people to their deaths. During the McCarthy Era the number of people jailed, usually with modest sentences, reached a grand total of 140. The imbalance is large. In the American Red Scare, nobody died. Nobody starved. Nobody went into an American Gulag. Yet for the American intellectual class, anyone who cooperated in any way with Joseph McCarthy (such as by "naming names") is a figure of incomparable loathsomeness, while champions of Stalin are heroic figures, "idealists," "liberals," defenders of American freedom. This strange glamorizing of those who relentlessly sought to destroy our society would be in itself—if this were their only accomplishment—a prodigious achievement of our new treasonous clerks. By way of comparison, France's Pierre Poujade, a demagogue far wilder than McCarthy, never succeeded in making French anti-Communism disreputable in the least.

Janet Hamlin

All centers of European culture have, and have always had, great centers of conservative thought, great conservative newspapers and intellectual movements—even during the period when Lionel Trilling observed that the entire American intellectual class had been transported to the Left. In America most of the general population identifies itself as "conservative." Yet intellectual life—publishing, press, television, film, theater, art galleries, museums, and above all elite universities—is, even more than in Trilling's time, dominated by the "liberal" community. Why?

Lack of any firsthand experience of a totalitarian state or even of a European-style Communist party is part of the answer. And contemporary education has failed to acquaint most Americans with Lenin's simple definition of totalitarianism: "No limits to the power of the state." And to be sure, McCarthyism did happen here. As distinguished a student of Communism as Harvard's Richard Pipes has suggested that the operative principle for Western liberals is: "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." American conservatives have been the great adversaries of Communism. Liberals' visceral enemy is conservatism. Therefore, liberals are indulgent of Communists, the enemy of their enemy. I by no means dismiss this line of analysis, but think there must be more to the phenomenon than that. After all, at the very moment that Stalinism is widely acknowledged to be the most murderous tyranny in history, the name of Hollywood movie star Robert Taylor has been removed in disgrace from the MGM building because, sincerely opposed to Communism, he testified against three Hollywood Stalinists, zealots of a mass murderer. Taylor is a pariah, and the Hollywood Ten are heroes. Where is the minimal sanity in this?

In the last analysis, the most profound disagreement between the liberal and conservative minds is their differing assessment of human nature. Since the free-thinking leaders of the French Enlightenment affirmed, in repudiating Original Sin, that man is "naturally good," the notion has been steadily influencing Western political culture, leading first to François Babeuf's aborted plan to abolish private property during the French Revolution. From France's "utopian socialists" of subsequent decades, the idea that man is both naturally good and unqualifiedly generous has lain at the heart of socialism. Long before Karl Marx, Saint-Simon wrote: "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his deserts," which phrase Marx himself modified only slightly. The fundamental socialist credo assumes that men not motivated by material gain or advantage to themselves will labor tirelessly for people unrelated to them—by blood, marriage, clan, parish, church, or friendship—purely on the basis of a common humanity, a selflessness that, for large societies, has simply never been observed in history. In the Soviet Union, individuals turned out to be neither as good nor as generous as anticipated, and an immense and hideous control structure was created to *compel* them to live on the high level of abstract selflessness conceived by the planners. It was not merely the failure of a dream, it was the accomplishment of a nightmare.

But in the intellectual classes of free societies, the doctrine of man's natural goodness has flourished; particularly so in America in recent decades. One can see American liberals' faith in man's innate goodness in everything from their attitude toward crime (where they typically seek to shift responsibility from the individual to "root causes"), to their repeated failure to rec-

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ognize political oppression when conducted by foreign regimes precisely of the Left, regimes professing belief in the brotherhood of man and natural human goodness. Until proof to the contrary becomes irrefutable, liberals have a predisposition to believe that leaders espousing such an elevated degree of altruism must be good. There is not a regimented, coercive state in the world which, provided it sings the siren songs of "equality" and "social justice," liberals have not toadied to obsequiously. And this with no fear of disgrace if the regime concerned later reveals itself monstrous. The American admirer in question was well intentioned, after all. He was idealistic. Where is the blame in striving for a better world?

THE LIBERAL MIND notes angrily, of course, the existence of fascist tyrants, unnatural deviants from natural human benignity; and on encountering such monstrous anomalies, liberals are jolted back to ancestral, pre-Enlightenment modes of religious thought. Much socialist thinking, described above, is transparently millenarian. (Bertrand Russell pointed out that Marx would have been impossible without the Christian vision of the millennium.) And liberals, on encountering circumstances that harshly remind them that the millennium has not after all arrived, promptly revert to a religion-derived dualism. This can be seen in their inveterate roaming of the world in search of morality plays: God against Devil.

To command liberals' attention, however, a morality play must have acceptable Legions of Light, as well as acceptable Legions of Darkness. Africa Watch recently estimated that fifty to sixty thousand people had died as a result of repression in Somalia, but the report got almost no play in the American press. The conflict was tribal. All parties were black. Who were the angels here? Who the devils? In South Africa, on the other hand, where incomparably fewer have died, all is shiningly clear. With grim regularity any government seen as associated in some way with the United States—South Africa, South Vietnam, South Korea, Taiwan, Pinochet's Chile—is automatically diabolized by America's intelligentsia. Recently Israel has crossed this line.

But the American intellectual class has begun to have trouble finding regimented, coercive states to toady to as, even before the political upheavals of 1989 and early 1990, these regimes were so regularly discrediting themselves. Thus, particularly on American campuses, a whole new breed of treasonous clerks has emerged. Marxism, of course, still offers the most coherently thought out and prestigious alternative system to our own, and yet, given its evident failure, new, less coherent, even wildly incoherent forms of expressing alienation have been found. Hostility to the ideals that underlie American democratic institutions has become both blatant and grotesque, with Stanford University students led by Jesse Jackson chanting, "Hey, hey, ho, ho, Western culture's gotta go." As if our freedoms could be derived from, say, the culture of the ancient Ife.

The humanities departments of many of our most fashionable universities are now thick with deconstructionists, post-structuralists, new-historicists; practitioners of gender studies, ethnic studies, sexual-preference studies; along with the occasional recycled Marxist—all of whose aims are the radical political transformation of our society. It is to be replaced, apparently (we must be ever careful to avoid offending racial or ethnic sensitivities), with a hodgepodge of world culture: the constitutional principles of the Iroquois, perhaps, the communitarian tribal structure of the Yoruba, Balinese dancing, Maori agriculture, Eskimo bone carving.

And all these new developments at American universities have been accompanied by severe curtailments on freedom of speech, nominally to prevent "harassment" of minorities, women, and subscribers to radical ideologies quite openly described as "privileged." Matched with varying degrees of rigor in trade publishing and school textbooks, and selectively reported by the media, all these curtailments are naturally presented as serving a higher good. And this higher good, on analysis, is still the same utopian perennial—human equality: racial, ethnic, sexual, or economic.

Now the American people accept a fairly large degree of inequality—as in any case not worth sacrificing their freedom in order to eradicate. But the intellectual class, whose detached, impartial judgment on affairs is wildly overrated, has what Max Weber called a deep "need to believe," a craving to give life "meaning," a sense of purpose. Unfortunately, in recent history this has left it open to an endless series of utopian phantasms, and in pursuit of these phantasms the sacrifice of freedom passes almost unnoticed. These millenarian utopias, when no longer located in some regimented foreign society, are now necessarily located in the future, for all about him—in his own country, or in democratic societies generally—the utopian intellectual sees only revolting inequities from which he recoils in disgust.

LITERARY CRITIC John Leonard, who went from NATIONAL REVIEW to the *New York Times Book Review*, and has now ascended to the heights as cultural critic for CBS, recently said on the air that the United States today is a "savage Rumania." But where are the dead? Where is the lethal *Securitate*? Timisoara? You'd think most listeners hearing Leonard compare the United States to Ceausescu's Rumania would consider him deranged. But there he is: your American intellectual.

Similar attitudes, usually somewhat less rancid, can be found today almost anywhere in America where the intellectual class has had its say, often in the most ludicrous places. Take the heavy thinkers of Disney World in Orlando, Florida. I can only imagine that a Disney executive hired some Child of the Sixties to design the "theme" for Disney World's American Pavilion. Disney World's French Pavilion, naturally, is brimming over with the achievements of French culture. The Norwegian Pavilion proudly displays the achievements of Norwegian culture. But the American Pavilion is an unrelieved indictment of the "brutal cruelties" that the

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United States has inflicted on blacks, Native Americans (Indians), Hispanics, Asians, Inuits, Eskimos, and women. There is no trace of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, or Lincoln, no Constitution, no Bill of Rights, no "We hold these truths," no "consent of the governed." And these American cruelties were brutal compared to what? Were not the Indians themselves brutal? More brutal? Do these semi-skilled American intellectuals think the French never brutalized anyone? Not to mention the leaders of our great contending social systems: the Soviet Union and China? What must the average American visitor to Disney World make of his American Pavilion?

On another level, what must readers of the country's most influential newspapers make of the obituaries of Jay Lovestone, who, dying recently at age 91, lived to be vindicated as are few men in history. In 1927 Lovestone was head of the American Communist Party. Visiting Moscow, he became one of the first world Communist leaders to attack Stalin, calling the Soviet dictator a "murderer" to his face. Back in America, he devoted his life to the struggle against Communism—with David Dubinsky in the celebrated International Ladies Garment Workers Union, with George Meany in the AFL-CIO. Possessing an insider's knowledge of Communist tactics, Lovestone was one of the men most responsible for such triumphs as the Marshall Plan in Europe. Among his greatest legacies was the AFL-CIO's unwavering support for Poland's Solidarity. Lovestone lived to see, in country after country in Eastern Europe, Communist tyrannies swept aside and into, it seems, the dustbin of history. But for the cultured obituary writers of our leading newspapers, Jay Lovestone had come to be seen as an "enemy" of the world's democratic and progressive forces. Oh, really? And how about our obituary writers? Whose enemy are they?

WITH MARXIST REGIMES collapsing everywhere, and "democratic and progressive forces" revealed throughout the world as great producers of human misery, one would think America's intellectual classes might grudgingly admit that their country isn't a cancer on human history after all. But no. Those who have had to live under coercive millenarian regimes are disowning them en masse, yet the contempt of our cultivated classes for their own society remains undiminished. Their yearning for an egalitarian utopia remains unimpaired. And most despicably, their gratitude for their own freedom remains nil. □

From the Confessional To the Couch

THOMAS MOLNAR

PART OF Hans Küng's agenda in this little book is the continuation of his own personal skirmish with Rome. Between pages 96 and 98 he offers an outright denunciation of the Catholic Church, not named except as the opposite of a "genuinely humanitarian religion"—the latter resembling Freud's more than Christ's. On those pages Küng loses his otherwise carefully kept cool and writes like what he is, a bitter and vindictive challenger of Rome.

Freud and the Problem of God, by Hans Küng (Yale, 168 pp., $23.50 hardcover, $8.95 paperback)

Apart from this direct engagement, Küng adopts two attitudes here. One is a rather sharp and welcome critique of psychoanalysis and its practitioners today; the other is a deferential treatment of Freud himself. The strategy is not bad; Küng's attacks cannot be parried except by the high priests of the dogma, themselves ripe for the couch.

After reading the 168 tightly packed pages, the objective reader could no longer accept Freudianism as a therapy or a technique. Thanks to a meticulous and honest reading of the Freudian corpus, Küng is able to take apart the Master's shaky edifice by following his arguments down every dark alley. And he has read not only the whole of Freud's works, but also the bulk of pertinent literature by others, even the legion of psycho-gurus and psycho-ideologues. This does not mean that Küng's critique is original, but at least he has a solid basis for confirming what others have said, leaving us with the impression that Freud was indeed totally wrong in his psychoanalytic theory.

Charges against the Viennese doctor are skillfully brought forth one after the other: he took the materialism of the mid nineteenth century and never questioned its naïvetés; he turned science into a religion; and he concocted grotesque scenarios like "the murder of the father" to prove the historical origin of the Oedipus complex, an all-explaining principle that researchers simply do not find in the behavior and motivation of either modern man or primitive tribes. It is indeed a major scandal of this century, next to the veneration of Marxist dogma, that we call Freud a savant when he puts on paper such utter nonsense as that our phobia of certain animals represents our fear of the father, or that society arose out of the son's fear after the primordial murder. In short, primitive materialism joined with esoteric mythology. Claude Lévi-Strauss said rightly that Freud locked up his patients in a cell of awe and anguish.

Yet when it comes to religion, Freud, and his mentor, Ludwig Feuerbach, come off relatively unscathed at Küng's hands, because they opposed the "domination by an oppressive Church," oppressive because patriarchal, sexist, and abusive, treating people (like Hans Küng?) as immature. The pale religiosity Freud might tolerate, though not of course approve, is similar to Küng's own ethical-humanism. In the end, to be sure, Küng differs from Freud, in that Küng accepts a transcendent God Who informs individual souls (but by no means interferes in the affairs of the world). The ideal Church, by Küng's measure,

Mr. Molnar, a longtime NR *Contributor, is author of the forthcoming* Philosophical Grounds *(Peter Lang) and* The Church: Pilgrim of Centuries *(Eerdman's).*

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would serve only as a social agency in a pluralistic system—a situation that in some senses already exists in Western society. Or as Küng's *On Being a Christian* had it a few years ago, why not simply adopt the Enlightenment program, with some modern additions from the liberal-socialist agenda?

At times Küng plays the game as defined by Freud, a game primarily aimed at devaluating religion. This is the case even when he appears to be disagreeing with Freud. He writes, for example, that Freud's prediction notwithstanding, science and atheism have not yet erased faith and religion; or that Freud's God-concept is only one among many, equally claiming validity. But these are far from invincible arguments against Freud, whose whole point is that more psychoanalysis is needed, that the religious illusion dies hard, that the subconscious does not

Tim Bower

easily release its prey, and so on. Instead of attacking the Freudian system philosophically, instead of putting Freud on his own couch, he gives on every page at least an indirect acknowledgment of Freud's merit, not in science but in his critique of religion as an "institutional system."

Thus, as Hans Küng makes use of Freud in his own war with the "institutional" Church, we cannot really expect him to show the psychoanalytic emperor in all his epistemological and cultural nakedness. At least he loses some inhibitions in his critique of Freud's progeny, the psychoanalytical establishment, and their ignorance in religious matters, their contempt for religion as a healing factor, their prefabricated terminology full of bad faith and false evaluations. One wishes Küng had gone one step further, to ask whether the psychoanalysts themselves suffer from a censored trauma. Maybe *they* chase an illusion; maybe their arrogance is built on insecurity and unresolved complexes. But for Küng to do this, he would have to have had the courage to locate in Sigmund Freud the monomaniacal patient *par excellence*. □

RIGHT BOOKS

■ James Atlas is an editor of *The New York Times Magazine*, and he has written a good book. *The Book Wars*, which *may* be subtitled, "What It Takes to Be Educated in America" (it's hard to tell; the phrase appears on the book's cover but not its title page), is a part of the Larger Agenda Series, the books published by Whittle Communications and containing Federal Express ads—18 of them—and overelaborate design. (Each chapter begins with a four-color Federal Express ad verso, and a recto opening page that is such a jumble—*faux-marbre* title "box" with the spaces in the heavy black letters colored yellow as if by a child, the word CHAPTER curving in the wide right margin above a big black numeral, the page numbers "dropped out" white in tiny black boxes, and the initial capital in bold, bright red—you may imagine you've just stepped into the bathroom of a chic post-modern apartment.) Throughout, there are photographic portraits of the protagonists and antagonists in the battle over canonicity: Allan Bloom, Lynne Cheney, and E. D. Hirsch; Stanley Fish, Jane Tompkins, and Frank Lentricchia. Is this a book or a cocktail party?

But put all that aside. Mr. Atlas is a good reporter, and this is an important story. I'll cut to the chase: Mr. Atlas is on the side of G. K. Chesterton's "democracy of the dead"; on the side, as we say, of the angels. When the Great Books are gone, when we are steeped in the relativism of multi-cultural diversity, what then? "We are producing a generation," Mr. Atlas writes, "that has no stake in our society; its ways and customs mean nothing to them. . . . The fabric of America's social order is wearing thin." This he proffers lest we imagine the debate over which books are read in our colleges, and how literature is taught, is merely an abstract tempest in an academic teapot.

The great value of *The Book Wars* is less in its argument than in its presentation—design excepted. Mr. Atlas, with no apparent difficulty, has been fair to both parties in the controversy: the traditionalists and the deconstructionists. The former teach courses called "History of American Literature," while the latter offer "Dominance, Hegemony, and the Modes of Minority Discourse." Traditionalists discuss the elements of a work (plot, character, etc.) in terms of literary history. Deconstructionists analyze books according to "signs"—usually indicative of various modes of oppression—that stimulate critical opinions not infrequently having nothing to do with the book or its author. Thus we encounter what Mr. Atlas rightly labels "militant neologisms: *Eurocentrism*, *phallocentrism*, *logophallocentrism* (why not *Europhallologocentrism*?)."

Such critical innovations the radicals justify as reflecting changes in our culture. They write using a theory derived from the polyphonic nuttiness in academia, where Marx is a black lesbian; where Western tradition is no more special than any other; and where the Wisdom of the Ages isn't superior to this morning's whim. You can get tenure these days spinning just about any bonehead literary theory.

Mr. Atlas approvingly cites Sidney Hook's dismissal of this diversity claque, and I was reminded of Professor Hook's observation—in the October 13, 1989, issue of *NR*—that the canon (actually he was speaking of the whole of Western culture) is "*not* a glorification of the status quo," as its detractors claim. It gives us, Professor Hook wrote, "an understanding of how the status quo came into being," and "explores the struggle and debate among the great maps of personal and social salvation whose promises and dangers still engage our interest." And as Mr. Atlas concludes: "The new curriculum is an effort to validate the claims of the individual. But what about society? Who will argue on its behalf?"

James Atlas for one, and thoroughly, convincingly. (Copies of *The Book Wars* may be obtained—at $11.95 for a single copy, dropping to $7.95 if you order fifty—by calling 800-284-1956.)

—BRAD MINER

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Master Bradford Comes Calling

JEFFREY HART

PROFESSOR M. E. Bradford of the University of Dallas is one of the most interesting writers now in operation—perhaps the most interesting in several aspects. This handsomely produced and important book proves it once again.

Bradford is a literary and spiritual descendant of one of our most important literary groups, the Southern writers who emerged in the 1930s as poets and critics and contributed immeasurably to our national culture: Tate, Ransom, Brooks, Warren, Lytle, and the rest. It is a serious error to categorize them as "agrarians" or as "regionalists." They addressed universal and deeply philosophical issues. These issues boiled down to Zeno's old problem of the one and the many, permanence and change in the concrete and the abstract. In re-reading their work, as well as the old issues of the *Southern*, *Sewanee*, and *Kenyon Reviews*, one sees that they were more important than the New York intellectuals associated with *Partisan Review*. Their poems and essays, to put it bluntly, were more learned and more lasting. Lionel Trilling lives, but who now reads Delmore Schwartz? Philip Rahv? Dwight Macdonald?

The Reactionary Imperative: Essays Literary & Political, by M. E. Bradford (Sherwood Sugden, 230 pp., $23.50)

Bradford studied under John Crowe Ransom at Vanderbilt. They discussed Wallace Stevens and argued about metaphysics on the steps of the university buildings. Ransom's mind, both as poet and critic, was torn between the concrete and the abstract, the changing and the timeless. Where he landed was in between, in the tension between the two. It is as if Bradford had studied with Ben Jonson. No wonder that Bradford's sensibility moves inexorably to fasten on the concrete and specific—the family, the old republic, the soil, the manners, the specific words on the page, the actual thing *experienced* in literature, politics, or culture. This sensibility has much more in common with the New England philosopher William James than, I imagine, Bradford would cheerfully acknowledge.

But I take that back. His opening and masterly essay is "Artists at Home: Frost and Faulkner," New Englander and Southerner. It is fitting that this essay comes first, having to do with the specificity of place in the work of art, the substream of time and vocabulary—the *quiddity*, as the philosophers say, the irreducible "thingness." Thus, at the beginning, Bradford sees that Robert Frost's imagined but experienced New Hampshire is as much a real thing as Faulkner's imagined Yoknapatawpha County, or, for that matter, Wordsworth's Lake Country, Hemingway's northern Michigan, or Scott Fitzgerald's Long Island shore. Bradford's magnificent phrase about the "guarded epiphanies" of Robert Frost is worth volumes of Frost criticism. Try it on the great poem "Birches," for example.

The rootedness that Bradford values turns up naturally in his own prose in the form of a recognizable voice. The medium really is the message here. Sentence by sentence, Bradford's voice is as recognizable as that of Kenner,

Mr. Hart, an NR *senior editor, is the author of* Acts of Recovery, *published by University Press of New England.*

RANDOM NOTES

■ *Ex Umbris et Imaginibus in Veritatem!* That's John Henry Newman's own epitaph; fitting for the man who wrote so beautifully about *The Idea of a University*. The Latin translates as: From shadows and symbols into the truth.

A college education should follow such a course. These days, however, it's more along the lines of *ex umbris et imaginibus in vanitatem*, by which I do not mean *vanity*, but *emptiness*. Do I go too far? I think not.

Four years of college commonly costs $60,000, and this is what it buys: eight semesters at a research-oriented institution, where prestige is determined by faculty scholarship, and where (because they're writing and researching) the eminent teachers don't teach; teaching assistants who do teach, who have exactly eight semesters more knowledge than entering freshmen, and who follow every imaginable (and imaginary) academic fad; administrators—legions of deans and vice presidents—who dream up rules to further the brotherhood of man (a/k/a/ *diversity*), including gag rules that would make even activist judges faint. There is no core of studies, no required courses—unless it's an offering in "Third World Studies" or "Sensitivity to Difference"—and there is no list of Great Books. Students of music hear a professor claim that the dominant motif in Beethoven is rape, or, if they're not interested even in *deconstructed* classics, can take a course called "Rock 'n' Roll Is Here to Stay." Western civilization is just one of many possible cultures, and it's not particularly desirable, having been propagated by the violence of white males against women and people of color.

Education, in short, has become, at too many schools, indoctrination. Academic freedom and scholarship have been sacrificed to the gods of "cultural diversity." Which is why we've decided to get into the battle. In 1991, *NR* will publish *The* ***National Review*** *College Guide: 50 Schools We Can* ***Still*** *Recommend*. (Actually, we're not yet sure about the title.) The book is being edited by Charles Sykes, author of *ProfScam: Professors and the Demise of Higher Education*, published last year by Regnery Gateway, and *The Hollow Men: Politics and Corruption in Higher Education*, which Regnery Gateway will publish in September. His co-editor is *NR*'s Literary Editor . . . me. WFB will be writing an introduction to the *Guide*, which will be ready for those choosing colleges for the 1992–93 academic year.

Two points for between now and then: 1) let us know what you know (good and bad) about the colleges you or your family have attended or worked for; 2) write to us if you need information for the 1991–92 academic year. We can't promise to do much more than send you a list of good schools, but it's a start.

—BRAD MINER

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Trilling, Arnold, or Blackmur. It is a prose rooted in time and place, whatever the subject: Faulkner, Frost, Walter Scott, Taylor of Caroline, Lyndon Johnson, C. Vann Woodward, Abraham Lincoln. The provocative title of this book, *The Reactionary Imperative*, might well have been replaced by the title of one of the essays here, "Where We Were Born and Raised."

Bradford, however—I now beg everyone's pardon—is wrong about James Joyce, who really should be one of his heroes. Instead, Bradford considers Joyce to be the epitome of the deracinated cosmopolitan modernist.

But one cannot read a line of Joyce without hearing Dublin. Even while in "exile" in Paris, Trieste, or Zurich, Joyce's Yoknapatawpha County, his Lake Country, his Long Island shore was Dublin. In such a story as "The Dead" it is the Irish song that lives. In *Ulysses* and even *Finnegans Wake* the town of Dublin lives on the page, block after block, song after song, phrase after phrase. Joyce had the map of the city inside his skull. As Charles Dickens was a great Londoner, James Joyce was a great Dubliner, as he himself knew when he gave that title to his early collection of stories. Joyce wasn't Stephen Dedalus, after all. He was Stephen O'Dedalus, or James Joyce, who married his Nora. It could not have been otherwise, for all his 11 languages.

Which brings us to a parenthetical, and indeed Bradfordian point, about the great modernists. Even the most abstract works of Picasso or Braque are related to specificity. Paris is there, also the Basque country, also the history of art. Under the explosive techniques and technical explanations, the deeply remembered reality lives.

There are, as always, other things to say. I am surprised that T. S. Eliot is not more present here, for example, whether at Cape Ann or at Little Gidding. But on whatever subject he treats, Bradford sheds eloquent light.

Which brings us to Abraham Lincoln. He is the subject of the volume's fine concluding essay, entitled "Against Lincoln: A Speech at Gettysburg."

The case against Lincoln, as urged by Edmund Wilson in *Patriotic Gore* and by Bradford himself, amounts to this: Lincoln, like Napoleon and Bismarck, was a mystical nationalist and a centralizer who changed for the worse the earlier concept of the American Republic. Lincoln was messianic.

To this I say *maybe*. Or maybe he really was a skillful and eloquent Illinois politician riding precariously on tidal waves of history neither he nor anyone else could control—the "irrepressible conflict," as historians call it. The most able collection of statesmen since the 1787 Founding Fathers could not prevent it. Thus there is a tragic sadness in Lincoln's best oratory: "With malice toward none . . ." But there is a welcome certainty here. Abraham Lincoln, a master of prose in Biblical and Shakespearean cadences, would know after reading three sentences that Professor M. E. Bradford is another master of American prose. □

FILM

Cartoon before the Horselaugh

JOHN SIMON

YOU DON'T LIKE comic strips? Neither do I. You particularly question the value of turning them into movies? Same here. You think that, after *Reds* and *Ishtar*, you've had it with Warren Beatty? Put it here, partner. You think you'll skip ***Dick Tracy***? You're dead wrong.

I can't say I ever read *Dick Tracy*, if "read" is the word for ingesting a comic strip. There is something very curious about this hybrid genre, part book, part movie. But it isn't a book, because it comes in snippets, snippets that go on forever, even after the author's death; and because it lacks description and reflection. And it isn't a movie because, among other things, it can move only by hops and skips. What, then, is its neither-fish-nor-fowl fascination? I suppose it's that it is both fish and fowl: enough like reading to make its devotees feel that they are reading, but without the effort; and enough like a movie to allow children and others lacking discrimination or the price of admission to enjoy a sort of *cinéma des pauvres*.

You will recall that that French phrase is a metaphor for sex, the inexpensive substitute for moviegoing. Such, too, is the comic strip, which is, moreover, a surrogate for imagination. For it is the imagination that must body forth the images an author evokes in words; once the author supplies the pictures as well, the imagination can safely go to sleep. And yet the lowly form has attracted genuine artists: Frans Masereel, for one, the Belgian whose novels in woodcuts were extended comic strips. Also, in a lesser way, Alex Raymond, the creator of two remarkably drawn comic strips, *Flash Gordon* and *Secret Agent X-9*.

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

NOW SHOWING

Driving Miss Daisy transfers an intimate three-character play to the screen without losing its modest, bittersweet charm. As played by Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman, Miss Daisy and her chauffeur are infinitely rich in shading.

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down! is an old, established *topos*: Beauty and the Beast, or how the evil ravisher's genuine passion wins over his pure victim. Reviewers have been hard on the movie. Yet the filmmaker was trying to be more wholesomely affirmative than usual, and was punished for it.

Last Exit to Brooklyn is extremely unprepossessing. Still, so is *The Lower Depths*, but Gorky's play has worked well on both stage and screen. The problem with the film is the lack of any real relief. Everything is sordid and sinister.

My Left Foot is an unsentimental portrayal of an Irish lad afflicted with cerebral palsy who grew up to be an acclaimed writer and painter—with his left foot. Daniel Day Lewis gives a performance of awesome authenticity leavened with roguish, iconoclastic wit.

—JOHN SIMON

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Chester Gould, the author of *Dick Tracy*, was something else. The ideal comic-stripper would have the novelist's mastery of plot, the playwright's mastery of dialogue, and the artist's mastery of drawing. Gould had none of these, but he was a smart sociologist: he knew what Americans in 1931 wanted. This was the Depression, made even more depressing by the prevalence of crime syndicates, in which matter Chicago, where the action was laid, was anything but the Second City. To meet Depression needs, the hero had to be the detective as common man; honest as the day, night, year are long; clean as a whistle; and, though pitted against the world's most vicious and clever criminals, invincible.

Always in mortal danger from his adversaries, our stalwart, smart as all getout, would get out of any predicament and, finally, get *them*. But because even the crudest clientele can't take nonstop invincibility, the cartoonist had to devise ways of letting the bad guys gain control at times, either by saddling his hero with a secondary, less powerful identity (as in *Superman* and *Batman*), or by creating a large enough number of colorful scoundrels so that they could temporarily usurp center stage. Thus *Dick Tracy* came by its rogue's gallery of funny-repellent, grisly-ludicrous caricatures: Flattop, Lips Manlis, the Rodent, the Brow, Pruneface, Little Face, No Face (i.e., the Blank), and whatever permutations face and its lack can undergo. Not every beloved monster of the strip could make it to the Strip: Hollywood's version is bereft of, for instance, that unholy family, B. O. Plenty, Gravel Gertie, and Sparkle Plenty.

But what a chance for makeup and trick photography to become merry bedfellows! Which brings me to the subject of sex, whereof, in the comic strip, there had to be very little. Even Dick's girl, Tess Truehart, existed mostly to show that Dick was a real man, the kind that has a loving woman, but not, surely, sex. Not even conjugal sex, which is for breeding, and we know that family life interferes with crime busting. As it is, whenever Dick gets the least bit cozy with Tess, the sound of the two-way wrist radio (gadgets, America's true passion) is heard, summoning him to make war against crime instead, the archetypal case of noncoitus interruptus.

Still, purity, like any other cake, is most enjoyable when we can eat it and have it, too. (Digression: in our ignorant times, one keeps hearing "have your cake and eat it, too," which is nonsense, like "I could care less." Anyone can have a cake in the fridge and, at a propitious time, eat it, too; but actual eating utterly precludes any kind of having.) So, for the strip to have it both ways, there had to be an impure woman as well, to tease with wicked possibilities.

That vamp, Breathless Mahoney, is played by Madonna, but the relationship with Tracy doesn't go beyond exchanges of highly suggestive one-liners and a single, passionate kiss. Now, when you consider how well informed we are about Madonna and Warren's *offscreen* romance (I am tempted to think that it is their press agents who are in bed together), you have a perfect example of having your cake both ways. But even in the movie, Madonna gets to wear the sexiest imaginable outfits, have a come-hither look in every part of her largely visible anatomy, and sing some pretty terrific Sondheim songs. Any second, the viewer expects, the breasts will fall out of the gown, or else she and Beatty will fall into bed together. The former, we read, actually happened on the set. And these fall-out costumes, by the way, are by Milena Canonero, probably the best costume designer in movies today.

Clearly, Beatty was not about to deprive us, for the sake of mere faithfulness to the *Urtext*, of the comely countenances of Madonna, Glenne Headly (Tess), and Warren Beatty. So these are allowed to look like themselves; similarly pristine, but for a few adscititious freckles, is Charlie Korsmo, the child actor who plays the Kid, that immaculately conceived (because adopted) offspring of Dick and Tess's. Known at first only as the Kid, the sole name he answers to, he saves Dick's life in the crime wars and is rewarded with a police badge and a certificate proclaiming him Dick Tracy Jr. For the youngsters in the audience, the wish-fulfillment progression from Kid to Tracy Jr. to becoming the future adult Dick Tracy is as inevitable as it is pleasurable.

For adult audiences, there is the ingenious fusion of animation and live action, a device the Disney people, who produced *Dick Tracy*, pioneered. Its previous high point was *Roger*

ADVICE AND DISSENT

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Alan Nahigian

Rabbit; but there it was merely a matter of mixing cartoon characters and live actors. Here the fusion extends rapturously to the sets. Bits of real city (well, seemingly real city, for it was all shot in the studio) are combined with manifestly cartoon backgrounds, so as to have them blend and yet not wholly blend, thereby not only abolishing the difference between cartoon and reality, but also reminding us that *that* is what's being done—another specimen of the aforementioned cake.

Again, though Beatty wears the yellow fedora and topcoat of the cartoon Tracy, they are now more elegant, unrumpled, casually unbuttoned—the coat, anyway. This is a Tracy for the Nineties, which is also why his profile cannot be that famous meat cleaver with a small, square bump on it (an epicleaver?). Further, the mostly primary colors of the comic strip are preserved, but deployed with supreme artfulness (cinematography by Vittorio Storaro, no less). These hallooing colors caress more than they grate, and expand into symbolism well beyond the technical and intellectual limits of Thirties newspaper publishing. The submachine guns, which spray away like loose salt shakers, at one point spell out a message in bullet holes. We have heard of the *caméra-stylo*; this is the *mitrailleuse-stylo*.

And then the fun of the rat-tat-tat dialogue, especially between Dick and Breathless. It is credited to Jim Cash and Jack Epps Jr. (*Top Gun*, *Legal Eagles*, *Turner & Hooch*), but sounds too good for them; Bo Goldman is said to have lent a hand. To quote only what other spoilsports have already made public, here's Breathless to Tracy, who calls her in for questioning: "Thanks for calling. I was wondering what a girl had to do to get arrested." Tracy: "Wearing a dress like that is a step in the right direction." Or: "No grief for Lips [a slain boyfriend]?" "I'm wearing black underwear." Or our Circe's Parthian shot: "I know how you feel: You want to hit me or kiss me. I get a lot of that."

Equally funny are some of the monologues of the supreme crime boss, Big Boy Caprice, spectacularly played by Al Pacino. His game is to drop absurd apothegms, then ascribe them to the likes of Nietzsche, e.g., "If you aren't for the people, you can't buy the people. Lincoln." A fellow who covers his victims with cement before nailing them into a pine box, or turns them into mincemeat via the gears of a drawbridge, he promises the following menu to Tracy: "You're going to have chopped sweetheart." Tess, too, gets her sparklers, e.g., as she is about to rush to the greenhouse where she works, "I have those new delphiniums coming in."

Finally, though, it is the actors who put *Dick Tracy* well ahead of *Batman*, the movie. Everyone, even if severely hampered by Latex prosthetics, manages to act up a bit of a storm, and any number of the bit stormers are stars. So, on top of the here impeccable Madonna, the adorable Glenne Headly (whom Vincent Canby described as Madonna-like—making this, I suppose, a rare two-Madonna movie), and Charlie Korsmo, the unusual child actor who can act rather than just be cute, plus Al Pacino, we get, in cameo roles, Dustin Hoffman (as Mumbles, in a sendup of his *Rain Man* part), Dick Van Dyke, James Caan, Mandy Patinkin, Estelle Parsons, Charles Durning, Paul Sorvino, Michael J. Pollard, and more. The fun is both in their performances and in the challenge to us to penetrate the arcana of their makeup. One critic has actually confessed to never having recognized two of these stars; in film and film criticism, anything is possible.

And what of the still center of the picture, Warren Beatty himself? Many years ago, the late Doris Vidor told me of the late Natalie Wood's bitterly complaining to her about how badly her boyfriend, Warren Beatty, was treating her. "But, Natalie," the ex-wife of two well-known directors interjected, "you are young, beautiful, talented, and a star; why don't you find someone else?" Natalie gazed at her in bewilderment and exclaimed, "Who else is there?" Exactly. The movie may be perfection of the lowest kind, but no perfection is common enough to be readily dismissed. □

THE GIMLET EYE

The Marketing of Misery

D. KEITH MANO

SOME DAY a supplicant hand, gnarled and with broken fingernails, will come groping out of my mailbox when I open it. Daily I fight through the charitable junk mail. Magazine covers are torn by it. Important correspondence is crumpled up. Give any philanthropic org $5, and you'll be on the whole world's sucker list tomorrow afternoon. Do we have to accept this offscouring of sorrow and *pay* for it as well? Suppose I put FIRST CLASS ONLY on my mail box? Would a postman honor it? No. The First Amendment apparently guarantees free speech and a captive audience as well. Disease is pitted against disease, hunger in that nation against hunger

Mr. Mano will be on sabbatical for the remainder of 1990, finishing his new novel, Topless, *and a screenplay based on it.*

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Literary

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(Continues on page 52)

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in this other nation. It isn't always a matter of superior direct-mail technique—we *package* wretchedness and pain. Nothing American is more vulgar than our charitable price wars.

Strange people try to get, well, *personal* with me. (Successful fund-raising depends on a guilt bond between giver and givee.) Little Lisa, blind from birth, has sent me one cent per month since maybe 1985. I'm not fooled, however. If I give Lisa $10 in thanks for her one-cent personal gift, *I'm out $9.99*. So I pocket the penny and save it toward a shot of bourbon: *skoal*, Lisa. Several charities print up personalized stick-on address labels. Useful enough if there weren't one misspelling every time—D. K. MANBO most often. For this I'm supposed to feel grateful: a relationship between me and nephritis is developing. The explanatory letters aim to look just-dashed-off and "real." Marginalia are written in fake "handwriting" instead of print. "Mr. Manbo" appears over and over again—"please, Mr. Manbo, though you are busy"—as if we all knew each other from high school. Mind now, I do prefer this false-personal approach to the sheer intimidation approach—where your charitable letter comes (window, no return address) got up like an IRS audit notice. But, in either case, we are talking high tech and high expense: you pay much postage and PR salary before that starving child has wolfed down his first calorie.

It all seems to have been written by the same person—in a standard, punchy but tasteful, one-sentence-to-each-paragraph style. There are occasional gaffes, of course. "I hope and pray that the next [cancer] victim will not be someone you love" is a bit mean-spirited. "I'm not a very good beggar. It makes my palms sweat," is rather too self-revealing. And I could do without "the rows of fly-covered corpses . . . the skeletal orphans crouched in pain." Now and then a Protestant minister will distinguish himself from the Bakker kind. "There are no 'Crystal Cathedrals' here. No multi-million-dollar religious amusement parks." But they all end with the general issue $10__ $25__ $50__ handout pitch. Some, aware that we have gotten suspicious of administrative waste, tout their efficiency. "CARE has been cited in *Fortune* as #1 among leading charitable organizations in terms of percent of revenue that goes directly toward programs." The word "concern" is apt here—in both its meanings: "care" and "a commercial establishment." Soliciting solicitude is big business.

And so, even with the best original intention, charities have some stake in famine and disease. Jonas Salk just about finished off the March of Dimes—though swift corporate diversification was able to salvage it. Poor people are a better investment: we'll have them forever. Still, charitable firms need to maintain a crisis mentality. Yes, we did much in 1989, but . . . but somehow things got worse. What, after all, would they do with that expensive mailing list? Sell it to Publishers' Clearing House?

I'm a free-market man, understand. Nonetheless, this free market made up wholly of victims is distasteful and then some. You need a full-time casuist in residence. Should I donate to AIDS or to The Lighthouse? Well, people die from AIDS, not from blindness. On the other hand, trained blind men and women may contribute more to society over their lifetime. Should I feed one homeless man in New York ($25 available NOW at Holy Apostles' soup kitchen) or a whole Ethiopian family for just $21? The choices are so dreadful that they end up being absurd—ultimately they trivialize suffering and put a scab on sentiment. Yet charitable mail seems to proliferate. There is no more conclusive demonstration of supply-side theory.

Yet I can't imagine a useful statist approach to the charity run-off. How would some great governmental United Way allocate funding? One disability, one vote: by strict percentage of citizens afflicted? Or in response to political pressure? (AIDS would get 92 cents on the dollar then.) Each disease and disaster, you see, has its particular constituency. A buying public, so to speak. Charities, in fact, seem satisfied with the capitalist struggle. Payroll and promotion may be expensive, but you seldom hear of a disaster going bankrupt, I think.

The modern charity market was created by science and social collapse. Once upon a time people just took sick: Alzheimer's and AIDS and high cholesterol hadn't been invented. With the exception of leprosy (and, later, TB) benevolence didn't specialize much. St. Paul said, "Faith, hope and charity," not charities. In fact altruism-as-group-effort is a rather recent concept. The St. Vincent De Paul charity—the first non-cloistered order given over to humanitarian effort—was set up in 1633. Before and after, of course, churches were a mediator between giver and recipient. But that social tissue is rotten now: the sense of community sustained by religion has left us. Individualism, even in woe, is predominant. Famine and pestilence seek celebrity. And so the junk mail comes: waving, pleading, suing for attention. My sense of hopelessness and stupid guilt is as wide as general delivery. □

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CLASSIFIEDS

Literary

(Continued from page 51)

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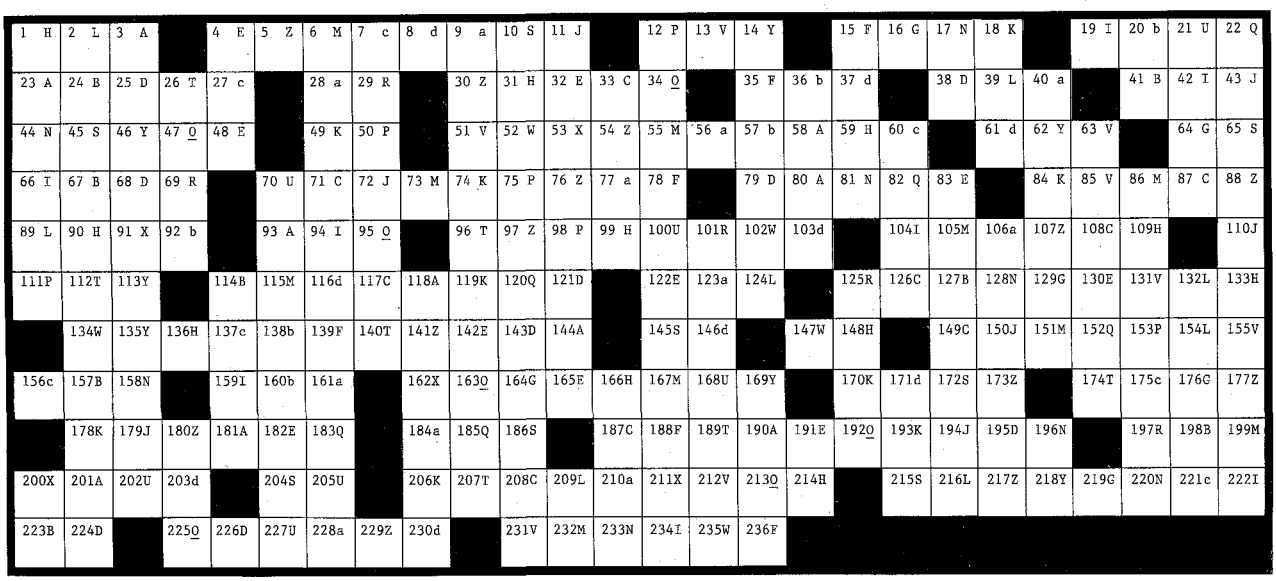
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Capital address (2 words) — 201 181 58 93 118 190 80 23 144 3

B. Patriotic dessert (2 words) — 157 24 114 223 198 41 67 127

C. Saturday-morning gas guzzler — 87 108 149 208 117 71 187 33 126

D. Poindexter's got him in trouble — 38 143 121 25 226 79 195 68 224

E. Apartment for the organized — 48 130 122 191 142 182 165 32 4 83

F. Mob — 139 188 15 35 78 236

G. Din—especially at Wimbledon — 219 176 164 129 16 64

H. One who seizes the moment — 148 136 166 31 109 1 99 59 90 214 133

I. Edward Bellamy's direction — 222 234 19 66 94 159 42 104

J. Tuscan's favorite type style — 179 194 43 72 150 110 11

K. Certain evening wear — 18 84 193 170 74 206 49 178 119

L. Common occupation in Biblical times — 132 39 209 154 2 216 124 89

M. Western — 105 86 55 73 151 232 6 167 115 199

N. An ascot is one — 196 17 44 220 233 128 81 158

O. Hurricane's relative — 163 34 47 225 95 192 213

P. Loutish — 98 111 50 75 153 12

Q. Lower — 183 152 120 185 82 22

R. Nickname for talkative one — 69 101 125 197 29

S. Hard-to-find items — 172 65 215 145 45 204 186 10

T. Landed assets — 207 189 96 140 174 26 112

U. Paint sloppily — 100 70 202 227 205 168 21

V. The norm — 51 212 131 85 231 13 155 63

W. Half of a James Bond car — 134 147 235 52 102

X. Birth-related — 91 162 200 211 53

Y. Dreaded hand condition in the kitchen — 169 46 14 113 135 218 62

Z. Highest peak east of the Mississippi (2 words) — 30 5 88 141 177 217 54 180 76 97 173 229 107

a. Destroyed — 123 28 106 56 228 9 210 77 184 40 161

b. Almond confection — 160 20 36 92 138 57

c. Brainiest chick in the henhouse? — 156 60 7 175 137 221 27

d. Beatles hit — 203 171 146 37 230 8 103 61 116

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 51 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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Victory Through Peace Power

BERLIN, JUNE 25

Here is a point having to do with the reunification of Germany which day after day goes unexplored. It is: What rights, if any, do the four victors of the war that ended in 1945 have over Germany? And: Are there circumstances under which they should be exercised?

We have got used to the notion that "Germany" is an independent country and that the arrangements it concludes are its to conclude. But it is a little more complicated than this. We won a war, and final arrangements that trace to that war have not been concluded, whatever the appearances.

The whole of the Soviet position rests on a right to intervene in German affairs won by repelling German aggression. Our legal position, though we have not dwelled on it, rests on similar grounds: Great Britain and France and the United States resisted Nazi aggression and earned the right to dictate the future of what became West Germany. In 1949, the three Western powers pooled their sovereignty and from that moment on governed West Germany, sending "high commissioners" to Bonn until we launched West Germany as a nation—but one over which we retained latent authority. Simultaneously, we insisted that the city of Berlin, deep in East Germany, should be governed by all the conquering powers. We surrendered that position in 1961 when Khrushchev built the Berlin Wall. At that time, Khrushchev spoke of concluding a "peace treaty" with East Germany, ceding to it authority over Berlin. In fact, the Soviet Union did not conclude a final treaty with East Germany, so that when Mr. Gorbachev goes to the White House and tells Mr. Bush that East Germany is not free to join West Germany so long as West Germany continues a member of NATO, he understands himself as doing nothing more than exercising rights that inured to the Soviet Union the day that Germany surrendered.

Recently an acknowledgment of the latent authority of the Western powers was expressed by Henry Kissinger, and bear in mind that he is not only a diplomat, but a historian. On July 5–6, following immediately (this is a coincidence) on the 28th Congress of the Communist Party at which the generalship of Mikhail Gorbachev will be reviewed, NATO leaders will meet in London to pronounce on the German question. Here is what Mr. Kissinger wrote in his column last April: "In the best of circumstances, these processes require extraordinary circumspection and subtlety. Especially the upcoming forum of the four 'victorious powers,' which is to decide the international conditions of German unification, needs to be handled with utmost sensitivity. After forty years of responsible alliance policy, it would not do for the Western democracies to treat the Federal Republic as a defeated country subject to its victors. Britain, France, and the United States should surface nothing in that forum except after full consultation with Bonn. . . . The time has come, too, for the Western democracies to take the lead in jettisoning residual four-power rights . . . as soon as possible."

There. We must be careful not to flaunt rights we in fact have. Indeed, we should give up those formal rights as soon as we can. And that brings us to the sticky question: What rights, if any, do we reserve in the event that the Social Democrats, not the Christian Democrats, prevail in the German elections scheduled for December?

The disheartening news is that a recent poll, as yet undisclosed, asked West Germans the identical question asked of them in a published poll last March. It was: Would you prefer for Germany to be neutral, rather than to continue as a member of the Western alliance? In March, the affirmative answer to that question came in at 49 per cent. In recent weeks, the fresh poll will show, that figure has risen substantially (the exact number is confidential). Mr. Kohl is fighting on a platform that stresses Western unity. Mr. Lafontaine is stressing the desirability of neutrality. The thinking, here in Berlin, is that Mr. Kohl will prevail—if the economic assimilation of East Germany, which begins on July 1, when the good money drives out the bad money, causes insignificant pain to the West German economy.

But if things go sour, what do we do? Give the Soviet Union what it couldn't get in the hottest days of the cold war? The neutralization and denuclearization of Germany, and the withdrawal of U.S. troops? That would make détente worth more than a thousand nuclear warheads and a hundred divisions to the Soviet Union. □

The 'Special Relationship'

LONDON, JUNE 15

I choose to remember an aphorism of historian John Lukacs made many years ago, namely that it may well turn out that the most important historical datum of the first half of the twentieth century was that the British and the Americans spoke a common tongue, and the most important of the last part of the century that the Russians have white skins. In the past year Soviet–American relations have shifted so abruptly that a further shift becomes if not likely, at least thinkable. If China is going to develop into the China of Tiananmen Square and the Soviet Union into the Russia of the great emancipations of 1989, then it becomes thinkable that ten years from now we would be plotting common defense measures with the Russians against China.

All of that is both fantasy and phantasmagoria. And it rests, in any event, on the assumption of an enduring special relationship between the U.S. and Britain which we tend to take for granted, but which has never taken fully into account a) America's inclination to isolationism; and b) Britain's resentment over certain pivotal American decisions. These were resonantly voiced by Professor Jonathan Clark, a Fellow of All Souls

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College, Oxford, in a recent piece in the *Sunday Telegraph*.

Now Brother Clark is a provocative fellow. He will write that "In cultural terms Western Europe was as swamped by the *real* American values (divorce, abortion, homosexuality, consumerism) as the American colonies had been by British culture in the eighteenth century." That is nice contentious stuff, coming from a gentleman whose country was so identified with homosexuality as to cause us to wonder, 25 years ago, whether the incidence of it in America wasn't related to the brain drain the British were complaining about. And anyway, for descendants of Henry VIII to speak about the institutionalization of divorce in America is endearingly impudent. Abortion is a great industry in America, but nothing by comparison with Scandinavia, whose kings and queens are the progeny of Victoria, and certainly not by the standards of Japan.

But Professor Clark has some solid historical points to make, and he painfully recalls the painful missive sent by President Woodrow Wilson to King George V in 1919: "You must not speak of us who come over here as cousins, still less as brothers; we are neither. Neither must you think of us as Anglo-Saxons, for that term can no longer be rightly applied to the people of the United States. Nor must too much importance in this connection be attached to the fact that English is our common language. No, there are only two things which can be established to maintain closer relations between your country and mine: they are community of ideals and interests."

Mr. Clark acknowledges that unlike Woodrow Wilson in 1914, FDR instantly sided with the British in the war with Hitler. But he reminds us that it required Pearl Harbor plus a declaration of war by Hitler against the U.S. to overcome the overwhelming disposition of America to maintain neutrality. It was not until the foundation of NATO in 1949 and the enunciation of the Truman Doctrine that the U.S. took over the explicit defense of Europe and of Great Britain. But that special relationship lasted only until 1956, when we pulled the rug out from under Britain and France in Suez. "After 1945 the myth of a 'special relationship' rebounded on Britain: at the point of the bayonet the constitutions of Germany, Italy, and Japan were reconstructed on American lines, and the United States made it impossible for Britain not to equip its Third World colonies with similarly inappropriate constitutional ideals."

It isn't, then, entirely clear sailing for U.S.–G.B. notwithstanding the long and friendly shadows cast by the American role during the Falklands war, and the British role during the Libyan strike. The British intellectual class acknowledges that the military strength these days is in the Western Hemisphere, but declines to build policy on the assumption that that strength is always at the disposal of British policies. □

On Keeping One's Virginity

NEW YORK, APRIL 4

In 1968, David Niven self-mockingly but inquisitively (he wanted our reaction) told my wife and me that he had confidentially agreed to do a TV commercial; first time ever. It would be strictly for a Japanese audience—plugging a deodorant. That was back when there were virgins, as they called themselves, left in Hollywood: actors who simply wouldn't Do It. But one by one: Laurence Olivier, Jimmy Stewart. . . . My feeling was that the thing to do was to take another look at my moral high-horse and ask whether I wasn't up in the stratosphere. Answer: Yes, I think I was. The way I finally sorted it out was this: an actor is, damn it, an actor, and if he elects to go on the screen to push Burma Shave, we should think of him as an actor pushing Burma Shave, never mind whether he likes the stuff.

Ah, but this immunity cannot reasonably stretch to opinion salesmen. Like me. But this leaves a hole in the life of an evangelist. I mean, what do you do when you come upon something—yes, something that is for sale—that you find truly exciting? Do you conceal news of this, for fear that your constituent-critics will suspect that you too are For Sale?

A few months ago I received a letter from a television manufacturer. It wished to make me a gift of its new model, quite the most exciting thing (the lady said, in her letter) in modern television. Sure, it would be nice if I endorsed the product, but no pressure of any kind would be brought on me to do so—they just wanted me to have it.

I proceeded cautiously. It was something I was curious to experience, having given up on my incumbent set. I wrote back and said I gave no endorsements, but let's see what the set was like.

It is . . . magnificent. Another world. A hundred-inch screen, the projector—small as a Sony camera—recessed in the wall: the clearest picture this side of a movie theater, with finger controls giving you every shade of option to change the brightness, color, tint. The sound connects to your stereo: for the first time, in our little music room, we have television on a large scale with sound on a large scale. When we watch the Ride of the Valkyries, I need to remind myself I am not one of them.

I did not choose to keep to myself knowledge of this miraculous advance in technology. So . . . I sent a check to the manufacturer for the value of the television unit and now, unencumbered, enthusiastically urge anyone lucky enough to be able to afford one to run, not walk, to install the new Sharp. And then I followed a formula I have relied upon in recent years. I said to the Sharp people: "You can relay my enthusiasm for your unit, if you wish, but only if you record in your ads that I have not been compensated in any way for my endorsement."

Fifteen years ago, returning to Switzerland for my 15th winter there, I pulled out the little electric typewriter for which I had paid $140 ten years earlier. It worked like a dream. Impulsively I stuck a sheet of yellow paper into it, addressed the president of the firm, and wrote: "Your beautiful little machine" (I quoted the make and model) "has served me more faithfully for ten years than Lawrence served Arabia. You may quote me to that effect, a gesture of gratitude for your grand engineering." No answer, no acknowledgment. Five years later an advertising agency asked me, in return for a great wad of money, if I would endorse the products of—the same manufacturer to which I had spontaneously written. Answer: No.

We come upon some quite wonderful things, gadding about as we do. And it is hell to keep such things to oneself. I have endorsed SmartKey, for instance, the word-processing magic that lets you reorder your keyboard every time you sit down to write, so that, for example, you can push a single key and out comes: "Senator-Ted-Kennedy-is-an-intellectual-and-moral-wreck." For that, who wouldn't pay $39.95?

But since this is full-disclosure time, I need to acknowledge that I have stretched the line. When I discovered the joys of Red Wing peanut butter I could not contain my excitement, and even traveled to Fredonia, New York, to inaugurate their new roaster. Ever since, every month, I receive . . . six jars of Red Wing peanut butter, three creamy, three chunky. They are for me what Checkers was for Richard Nixon. No one will take my Red Wing from me. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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OFF THE RECORD

Mr. Mandela's Coattails. The Mandela visit to Washington showed again why Democrats make such good politicians, and how the Republicans help them out. A plan was hatched by Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell to force a procedural vote on the Kennedy–Hawkins civil-rights bill—a piece of legislation whose practical effect would be to mandate quotas—on the same day as the visit by Nelson Mandela. This would obviously have made it difficult for Republicans to vote against the bill.

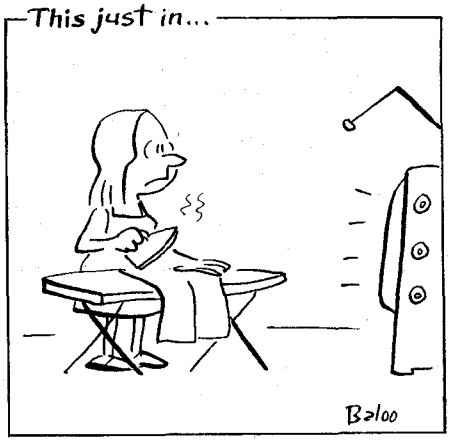
Minority Leader Bob Dole squawked when he found out, but his cure is as bad as the disease. The night before the scheduled vote, he and Senator Mitchell reached a "unanimous consent" agreement that postponed it, but in exchange for giving the majority leader the sole right to call up the bill at any point after Congress's return from its July 4 recess.

What has Senator Dole's Republican colleagues so upset is that he did this a) without protecting their standard "right to object" and b) while claiming that "a great majority on this side" are pleased with the deal. Mr. Dole appears to be particularly unpopular with GOP senators who were not consulted about the "unanimous consent" provision. And Mr. Mandela says he's not here to interfere in domestic U.S. politics.

Unfit to Print. In its recent report, "Religious Repression in the People's Republic of China," the Puebla Institute gave a taste of what life might be like in the U.S. should Representative Charles Rangel (D., N.Y.) make good on his threats to bring the Catholic Church to heel for its continued opposition to abortion. Puebla presented the cases of 63 Christian leaders arrested or deprived of their liberties, including 13 Catholic bishops; it also cited a document presented at a December 1989 meeting of the Chinese Communist Party wherein John Paul II was explicitly held responsible for the overthrow of Communist regimes in Eastern Europe and accused of harboring "reactionary and subversive" intentions toward China.

More interesting is the response of the American press. Just before the June 4 anniversary of the massacre in Tiananmen Square, Puebla first sent out a number of press releases on the repression of Chinese Catholics, and followed up with the aforementioned 15-page report, which further documents the stepped-up persecution of Chinese Protestants. Altogether it mailed out 150 reports, emphasizing papers in cities with large Chinese communities, like the *Los Angeles Times* and the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and religion editors of the "prestige press" such as Peter Steinfels of the *New York Times* and Laura Stepp of the *Washington Post*. Not one of them thought the story fit to print, even in their religion pages.

Ambassador of Ill Will. Inside the Beltway, rumors are strong that the next U.S. ambassador to Zaire will be the present ambassador to Mozambique, Melissa Wells. Miss Wells has already gained a certain amount of notoriety as a foe of Renamo, the resistance group fighting the Marxist government of the country where she now serves. Conservatives fear that once installed in Kinshasa, Ambassador Wells would take on UNITA, since Zaire is the conduit for most aid to the Angolan resistance.



"This may be a misprint, but we've just been informed that the Christian Democrats have taken over the Knesset."

Calls have been made over to State, but word is that her name will not be withdrawn. Partly to force the issue Senator Malcolm Wallop (R., Wyo.) put a hold on another dubious State nomination. Mr. E. U. Curtis "Buff" Bohlen, son of former U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union Charles "Chip" Bohlen, was the President's pick as assistant secretary for oceans and international environmental and scientific affairs. Bohlen the Younger, vice president of the World Wildlife Fund and the choice of EPA chief William Reilly, enjoys a reputation on the Hill as "a real tree hugger."

Hong Kong Swan Song. It's getting hard to tell Tory Britain from Red China these days, at least vis-à-vis the Crown Colony of Hong Kong. Robert Royal of the Ethics and Public Policy Center found this out when he put on a conference called "China: One Year after Tiananmen Square," and invited Peter Lo, minister for Hong Kong economic and trade affairs, to appear on a panel. Mr. Lo accepted, but when he saw a preliminary schedule that listed him as representing the "Republic" of Hong Kong, he hit the ceiling.

Mr. Lo chose to read a dark conspiracy into a secretary's mistake (offensive to Mainland sensibilities inasmuch as it suggests Hong Kong should be independent), and so Mr. Royal returned from a brief vacation to find a not-so-diplomatic letter on his desk. "I cannot accept that this was a simple typographical error and I seriously question the motive behind it," wrote the minister. Too bad for Hong Kong that his office hasn't been as tough when it comes to Peking—or London.

GOP Deathwish. When HUD Secretary Jack Kemp was asked by the President recently why he wasn't supporting Pierre Rinfret, the Republican candidate for governor of New York, he replied, "Mr. President, I am supporting the only registered Republican in that race"—a reference to Conservative Party nominee Herb London. London had been promised the GOP nomination, but the party reneged when he failed to switch to a pro-choice position on abortion. —CATO

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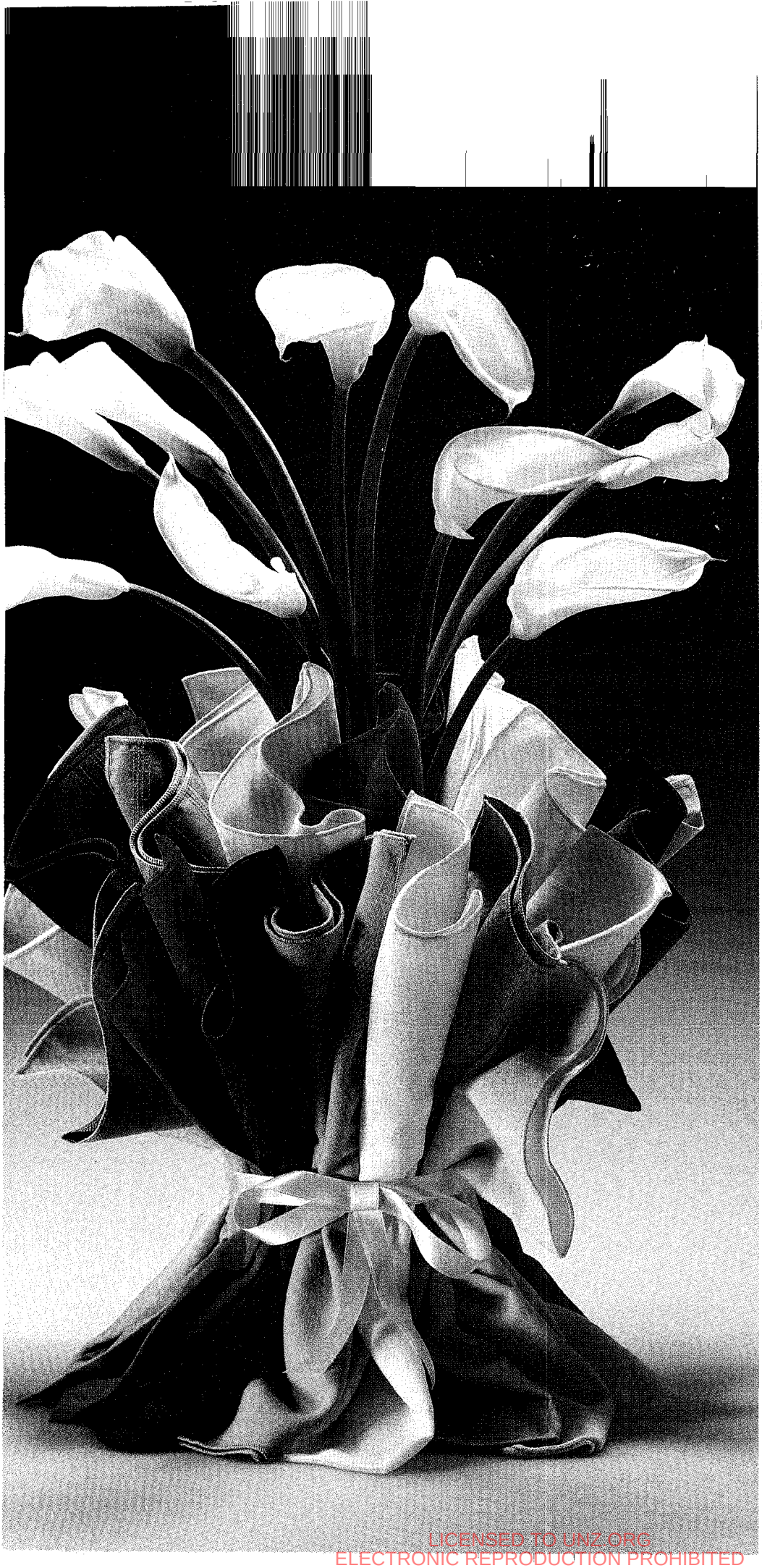

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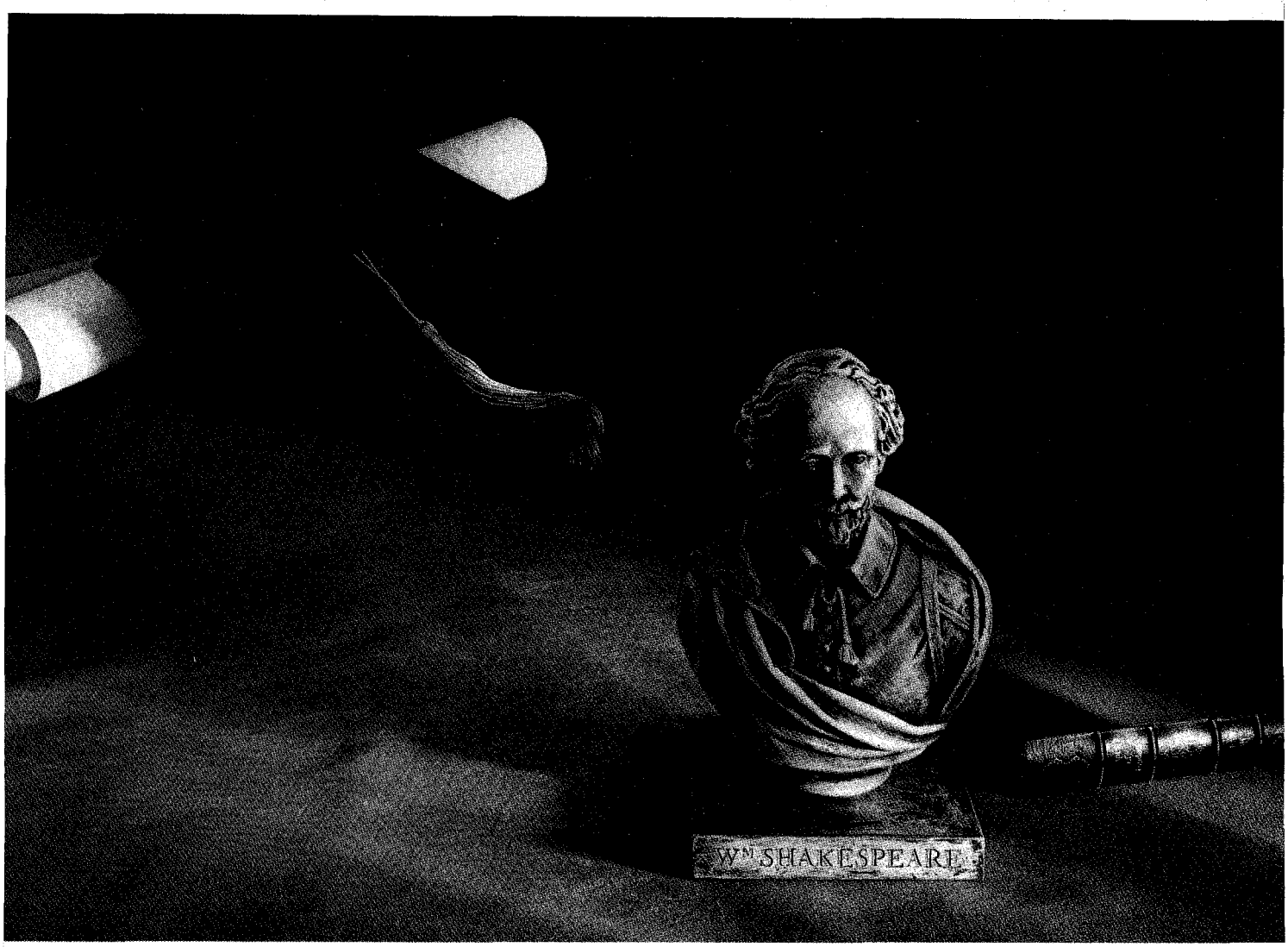

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